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THE FRIENDS OF LONG AGO.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

When I sit in the twilight gloaming,
And the busy streets grow still,
I dream of the wide green meadows,
And the old house on the hill.
I can see the roses blooming
About the doorway low,
And again my heart gives greeting
To the friends of long ago!

I can see my mother, sitting
With life's snowflakes in her hair,
And she smiles above her knitting,
And her face is saintly fair.
And I see my father, reading
From the Bible on his knee,
And again I hear him praying
As he used to pray for me—
So long ago!

I see all the dear old faces
Of the boys and girls at home,
As I saw them in the dear old days,
Before we had learned to roam.
And I sing the old songs over,
With the friends I used to know,
And my heart forgets its sorrows
In its dream of long ago,
Dear long ago!

How widely our feet have wandered,
From the old home's tender ties,
Some are beyond the ocean,
And some are beyond the skies.
My heart grows sad with thinking
Of the friends I used to know,
Perhaps I shall meet in heaven
All the loved of long ago—
Dear long ago!

The Girl Rivals;

OR,

THE WAR OF HEARTS.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE
BARBARA," "HUNTED BRIDE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

A REJECTED APPEAL.

"She loves me!—her eyes betrayed it!" he murmured, with a fierce joy, as he hurried down the steps.

For an hour he walked up one street and down another, in a most distracted way. From the first he had anticipated such an ending to this miserable business—yet, when the expected blow fell, he was stunned.

At the end of an hour he called a carriage and was driven to the humble home of the young stranger whose fate was so inextricably blended with his own.

I say "stranger," for the acquaintance of this rashly-wedded pair had progressed but slowly since they had left the altar before which they had been pronounced "man and wife." A brief call of fifteen minutes each afternoon, during which he always saw his bride in the presence of her mother, had been the utmost limit of the bridegroom's attentions. He had intimated to Mrs. Lovelace that some cultivation of each other's society and friendship would be desirable for both, before they began to live together. The mother gladly acquiesced—since, although her desire to secure a rich husband for her child before she herself should be taken away from this life had induced her to consent to the sudden marriage, she had felt the want of delicacy in such a proceeding.

She was more than pleased with the refined consideration of her new son-in-law; as yet seeing little reason to complain, since he never came without bringing rich presents to herself and her daughter. New furniture came to replace the few shabby articles remaining of their store; delicacies, suited to an invalid's appetite; fine dresses for herself; and for her darling child, jewels, laces, fans, perfumery, *bijouterie*, and a whole outfit of handsome garments, bonnets, wraps, dainty robes. The bride had a new purse, filled with gold and bank-notes, in place of the poor little affair she had lost.

Every day, after their fine luncheon, little Mildred dressed herself in her new finery and sat down by the window to watch and wait for her fairy prince.

She was as pretty as possible, with her soft gold-brown hair piled up on her head to make her appear taller and more like a wife—her silken dress falling about her fairy figure, her white neck encircled with pearls or costly-cut pink corals, and the wedding-ring shining on the slender finger of the dimpled hand which rested on the window-sill.

At first Mildred had gone to meet her prince with the eagerness of a child who expects new toys; but a change was coming over her manner very rapidly.

Before her strange marriage Mildred had been simply a child; but womanly feelings develop wonderfully under "the light of a dark eye" shining upon the unopened buds which have heretofore lain so closely curled. The rose of love was forced into sudden bloom in her heart. Its sweet perfume stole through her being, thrilling her veins with life and joy; but also, this rose, so sweet, so intoxicating in its delicious fragrance, was set about with cruel thorns.

Dreaming over her peculiar position, day and night, Mildred was not such a child but that she perceived its embarrassments and dangers; her sole hope, her sole wish—the one wild cry of her young heart—was, that her prince might learn to love her as she already loved him.

Was it possible! Was there even the shadow of a hope that it might come to pass?



Ruth snatched the jewel from her finger and threw it, with her full force, far over the sparkling snow.

She sat by the window looking for him, and when he came and she rose to meet him, there was a smile on her lip, but she was pale as death. He gave her the customary light kiss on her forehead, and led her back to her chair. "You are pale, little Mildred," he said, after bowing to the mother.

"Pale, Mr. Garner?" and then, indeed, she blushed rosy red, all over the sweet brow and fair throat. "I am very well indeed. But you are not well, sir. You are pale, I am sure," and the little hand with the wedding-ring on it crept timidly toward his, shrinking back again, however, before she touched him.

"I have had a shock," he said, laughing lightly. "I did not suppose it had changed my complexion, though."

She looked at him wistfully—would he tell her! She longed to know what had troubled him; but she would not venture the liberty of asking him.

"My uncle has disinherited me and driven me out of his house with orders not to step my foot in it again. So now, little Mildred, I am as poor as you are!"

A flash of light illuminated the child-wife's face; her color came and went; her lips parted; her great violet eyes shone on him with sudden splendor for a moment and then fell, modestly, before his look.

Surely, now that he was poor and had no home, he would come to *them*—to her and her mother! How gladly she would dispose of the jewels and silks he had given her, so as to gain a little money to make this poor home more comfortable for him! Yes, she would willingly take up again the tedious music-lessons, for his sake! How earnestly she would try to make him forget his troubles! Oh, if she knew some better way to make money, so that she could occasionally surprise him with some of his accustomed luxuries! Thus the thoughts of the poor little simple thing leaped forward, painting their future.

She was aroused from these delicious plans by the cold, unsteady tones of her mother's voice.

"Had your sudden marriage anything to do with your uncle's action, Mr. Garner?"

"Everything, my dear madam. You see, he had other views for me—had another bride, in fact, selected. It is natural that he should be disappointed and offended."

"What do you propose to do?"

"There you have me, madame. I have not had time to decide upon my future as yet; it is scarcely an hour since my haughty relative gave me permission to forget his existence."

"Perhaps he will repent and recall you."

"I do not happen to be made of the stuff that is subject to recalls. When a man kicks me out of his house, I am not a dog, to be coaxed back again."

"But you must consider his feelings, Mr. Garner. Supposing you do not make up with your uncle, however; do you mean to say that you have absolutely nothing of your own?"

"I have my hands and my head, but neither of these are accustomed to making themselves useful. Still, not to discourage you too much, Mrs. Lovelace, I will say that I have at least a thousand dollars' worth of knick knacks bought with money left me by my father; that I will dispose of these as soon as possible, and give to you, for your daughter's use, every penny which they bring. After that is done, I will consider further."

"I do not want your money," spoke up little Mildred, with trembling lips; "I will not take it, Mr. Garner; you need it more than I

do. Do you suppose I would touch it?" indignantly.

He smiled at her affectionately, laying his hand lightly on her soft, gold-threaded hair for an instant.

"You must take it, little Mildred," he said, half-reprovingly. "It is my business and my right to provide for you. I want to make you and your mother as comfortable as I can before I go away."

"Go away?"—this from Mrs. Lovelace.

"Yes, madame. Boston is not the place for me to begin making my living, under the circumstances. I shall do better in some other place. It hurts a fellow's pride, you understand, to have the cold shoulder thrust under his nose. I shall leave the city as soon as I can wind up my small affairs. Mildred, good-by for to-day. I will see you to-morrow as usual."

Mildred arose from her chair and made him a stately bow. She did not seem to see the hand he held out; while so proudly did she hold her graceful little head, she seemed to him to have grown inches taller in a moment. Her soft eyes flashed, her lip curled, her cheek was white as winter's snow. Otis Garner felt, as he left her presence, as if some queen had just dismissed him in disgrace.

He flattered himself that he understood "the girls."

Truly, he had flirted with enough of them! But he did not understand this one—for he mistook the cause of her displeasure.

"She's a mercenary little wretch!" he said to himself, as he walked away. "By Venus! I did not think she would be the first to show me how I had fallen! Upon my word, her little beggary was quite grand! It's a wonder she did not tell me not to call again. Perhaps she will cut me entirely to-morrow! I must take her a present. And, by-the-by, I must attend to that little business of raising some money for her. I can't leave them penniless—she and her mother."

"I'm married to a wife, my boys, and that by Jove's no joke! I've ate the white of this world's egg, and now must eat the yolk,"

sings Bailey, and he's about right. Let me see! Uncle gave me the yacht and the pair of blacks—they are now his property again; I won't raise money on *them*. But the bay trotter I bought with my own private funds. He is good for eight hundred at this time of the year—worth two thousand easily, when you don't want to sell. I can't spare my watch; but I have a lot of expensive trash: my diamond sleeve-buttons cost me three hundred—good for half that, I suppose. My onyx cameos are worth about as much. My sphinx-head buttons cost something—why, yes, my sleeve-buttons alone, come to think, are a nice little collection worth a thousand dollars at forced sale. Think of providing for a wife on the strength of one's sleeve-buttons!" Otis laughed so gayly at the idea that a stranger, passing him, looked back at the happy young man with wonder and envy.

It was three days before Otis Garner called again on his girl-wife. When he did appear, it was to say good-by.

"I go to New York on the evening train," he said.

His face was sadder, his healthy, olive glow blanched to a sickly brown; his words were abrupt; he was evidently in a hurry. But he took Mrs. Lovelace aside and gave her a bank-book, telling her that he had deposited fifteen hundred dollars to the credit of Mrs. Mildred

Garner, which sum she was to draw upon as she needed it.

"You have not left yourself penniless?" the mother had the grace to inquire. She was bitterly disappointed at the way matters were turning out, much on account of the loss of wealth and grandeur of station to her darling daughter, and more because she feared her rash approval of the hasty marriage was doomed to blight that daughter's happiness.

"No—I have five hundred dollars in my pocket."

"Well, you have been very liberal, I am sure—under the circumstances. We thank you."

Otis bowed and turned to Mildred who stood in the center of the room, still and white as a statue.

He had not forgotten her demeanor at his last visit. Believing her selfish and calculating, he was glad of it, as an excuse to himself for treating her as he intended to do. He did not know of the pangs which that proud look covered—pangs of wounded love, of cruel mortification at his indifference.

Now he took her little cold hand calmly and proceeded to say the last few words in a voice destitute of the least emotion. Mildred looked up pleadingly into the dark eyes, so beautiful and so cold to her; her sweet mouth blanched and trembled—oh, how pretty and how pitiable she looked!

The young man began to grow uneasy under those asking eyes. He wished "the dooced, embarrassing interview" well over.

"You will write to me, Mr. Garner?"

"Write! Oh, certainly—that is, I suppose so—of course, occasionally. But I expect to be in business and not have much time to myself."

"Just a few little lines, now and then, that I may know how you prosper."

"Well, of course. And now, good-by, little Mildred. Take good care of her, Mrs. Lovelace, will you?"

Mildred clung to the hand he held out to her. She gasped out, with dry lips, those loving, piteous eyes fixed on his:

"Take me with you, Mr. Garner!"

"I cannot," he answered, abruptly, astonished and alarmed. "I have nothing on which to keep a wife; it would be folly—madness! Remain here with your good mother. She will take better care of you than I could."

"That is true," said Mildred, slowly. "And I could not leave dear, sick mamma, after all. You are right, Mr. Garner."

Pride was again struggling for mastery over love, which had broken all bounds, even of girlish timidity, when she made that passionate appeal. Her eyes fell, her cold little hand relaxed its hold; she stood mute.

"Perhaps some day it will be different," Otis said, more tenderly, pitying the frail little creature who drooped before him. "If I ever get rich I will come for you—for you are my wife, you know, strange as it seems."

"Yes, I know."

"If you get weary of waiting before I have made that fortune the law gives you release, you know, Mildred. A few years of 'willful desertion' on my part will free you. Perhaps that would be the greatest kindness I could do you."

No response.

"Well, farewell, little Mildred."

"Good-by, Mr. Garner."

He lifted her hand to his lips, bowed to her mother, and hurried out, glad to get away from a "scene," into the open air.

Little Mildred stood where he left her until the last echo of his foot on the pavement died away—then she sunk slowly, slowly down, and would have fallen had not her mother caught her in her feeble arms and sunk down with her, pillowing the pale white-rose cheek in her lap, and gazing with anguish and remorse at the closed eyes—closed in merciful unconsciousness to the weary truth that this is a hard world for the poor and unprotected.

CHAPTER V. A CRUEL MISTAKE.

RUTH FLETCHER arose very early on Christmas morning. It was yet a full hour to daylight. She ran to the window in her nightgown, parted the dimity curtains and looked out, gazing a moment at the glorious "Star of the East," blazing transcendent over the dark brown of the wooded hills. Old Speckle-back, in the barn-yard, was crowing lustily, as if saying, "Merry—merry—merry Christmas to all!"

"A merry Christmas to you, too, old Speckle-back," whispered Ruth; and then, shivering—for it was very cold—she lighted her lamp and hurried to dress herself; after which she crept softly down-stairs.

She heard Betsy, the servant-girl, stirring up the fire in the kitchen-stove, but she did not go there; she slipped into the sitting-room, drawing toward the great tiled fireplace, from which came the faint, smothered glimmer of the covered hickory coals. There was still heat enough to make the vicinity of the hearth quite comfortable; she crouched down by it, poked the ashes away from the buried fire, so that she could see better, and glanced with curiosity at a short row of bulging stockings which hung on a little line below the tall mantelpiece.

It had been made up between her and the schoolmaster that they should play children and "hang up their stockings." David's blue-yeared sock was there, also. They had had a great deal of fun the previous evening disposing these articles to their satisfaction and wondering what Santa Claus would bring them.

Ruth had no intention of examining the contents until the others had arrived to share the inspection. But she had found no suitable opportunity, the night before, of depositing her gift in the teacher's stocking without being observed. Therefore she had stolen down early to do so. She saw, by the dim red light, that there were things in her stocking. Had he placed any of them—and, oh, what would they be? Still, she would not look, until the time agreed upon. With nervous, trembling fingers she slipped her present into the schoolmaster's long silk stocking. It was an elegant, costly stocking. She had thought her soft white merino one pretty enough, but it was no match for this. The ever-urging fear that Mr. Otis, poor as he seemed to be, must despise her and her people and their country ways returned upon her in full force and she half-withdrew her hand, while a painful struggle went on in her mind. But the powerful temptation overcame her fears and she fiercely thrust down into the silken toe a little oval package wrapped in tissue paper.

Mistaken Ruth! She had done what no girl should ever do, unless she is engaged to him—given her picture to a young man. It is true that when she had once shown the photograph to Mr. Otis he had carelessly said that he would like a copy of it—that was all. And now she had bestowed it on him without further solicitation. Girls cannot be too chary of such gifts. Men are too mannish to need such encouragement.

But then, Ruth was very young, and very innocent and ignorant. She thought she might properly make a "Christmas gift" of her picture to her teacher; half the girls in school had already bestowed these tokens of friendship upon him. How many of these he had thrown away she did not know or care. She felt positive that he would not serve her so. It was a pretty—a very pretty face in that little oval case! She knew it. Ruth was a modest, sensitive girl; but she could not help knowing that she was very handsome, and the photograph had caught her "happiest expression"—as the artist termed it—the coquettish droop of the long lashes, the slight arching of the dark brows as if she studied some mischief, the smile about the pretty mouth, while the hundred little rings and tendrils of chestnut-brown hair, curling about the white, intellectual forehead, were almost as lovely in the picture as in the reality.

After she had dropped her gift into the silk stocking Ruth crouched by the fire again, waiting for the others. A dozen times she started up to withdraw the photograph, and as often sunk back without doing it. When she had finally fully determined to leave it there she fell into a reverie about the schoolmaster.

He had been very kind to her ever since that evening when she had noticed him so gloomy and pre-occupied—kinder than ever before. He had detained her hand when she said good-night on Christmas Eve, pressing it tenderly, and looking at her with such a look! Her heart beat fast at the memory of it. True, he was going to Boston on the morrow; but it was only on business, and he had taken pains to tell her that he disliked going, and would have avoided it had it been possible for him to have done so.

And then, somehow, Ruth's thoughts wandered off to another young man who had also pressed her hand and looked at her with such a look, the previous evening, and who had

"That's more than he is, marm," Hollowell observed, in his blunt way; "for he's as quiet and sober as a judge."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, fact! So, marm, don't you be disappointed in his don't talk much. Fact is I do jawing enough for the hull firm."

"I'm afraid that you wrong him and slander yourself!" Miss Campbell exclaimed, with a laugh, and looking the miner straight in the face with her beaming blue eyes.

As blunt and outspoken, Hollowell said afterward, in describing the interview, he had never felt so strong an inclination to hug a woman before in all his life.

Miss Dianora Campbell had taken Elijah Hollowell for all he was worth.

"I'll—I'll fetch him out, Miss—marm!" the miner exclaimed, in evident confusion, and then he retreated in hot haste to the shanty planted against the side of the gully.

Dianora watched him with her great eyes, and a little smile of contempt curled her handsome lips.

"What fools these men are!" she muttered, from between her white teeth which were as regular and perfect in their set as ever Dame Nature placed within the mouth of a mortal. "I can twist this fellow around my finger just as I please—the great, overgrown boy. I have snared him, but the other, ah! who knows?"

And after the utterance of this phrase, borrowed from our sister tongue of Mexico, Miss Campbell sat down upon a small bowlder which rested in a bed of white sand.

Her sun-umbrella she carried in her hand, the silken folds closed, and with the sharp point she began idly tracing lines in the smooth surface of the sand. Evidently she was in deep thought.

She had watched the door of the humble shanty close behind the stalwart figure of the miner, and she expected each instant to see it reopen and expose to sight the person of the man she sought.

The seconds lengthened into minutes and yet he came not.

"If he don't come to me, I'll go to him!" she muttered, and just at that moment Dianora did not wear that lovely expression which had so fascinated the tall son of the State of Maine.

And then the lines in the sand took shape and resolved themselves into letters—the letters into words.

And the words a name.

Mercedes Kirkley she wrote in the sand, and then on the end of the name she affixed, as if in mockery, the title, Mrs. Montana!

Smilingly—but with something cruel and heartless in her smile—she contemplated her work.

"Mercedes Kirkley, Mrs. Montana!" she murmured. "Oh, not at all while I live!" she cried, fiercely, and as she spoke she jabbed the point of the umbrella handle along the name, ruthlessly destroying what she had written so fairly in a bold, round hand.

"Oh, no, never while I live!" she repeated. "He may not be for me, but I will never tamely submit to see him the prize of any other woman! And this little doll-faced shop-girl, with her mincing step and her prim dress, to dare to think of rivaling me—I who have reigned as a queen in Washington, and have held my own against all the belles of the East at the fashionable watering-places! I might have taken my pick out of a dozen—statesmen, railway kings, giants of the stock exchange, successful politicians of every grade, but for his sake and the memory of the old, happy days, long before I knew how bad this world really was, I have kept my faith—or at least kept my hand free. I will be honest with myself and not deny that I have allowed myself to love since then, but not as I loved him, and he has probably utterly forgotten me, but I'll make him remember though, or I am not the girl I think I am!" and Dianora smiled proudly as she gave utterance to her boast.

While the beautiful girl was indulging in these reflections quite a conversation had taken place within the shanty between the two partners.

Hollowell had rushed into the house, almost breathless in his haste.

He found Montana sitting upon an old cracker box gazing in a particularly gloomy manner up at the ceiling where the stove-pipe projected through the roof.

"By gol!" Hollowell exclaimed, excitedly, "she's a stunner!"

Montana made no reply; in fact, took no notice of the speech at all, still intently engaged in staring at the roof.

The persistent gaze attracted Hollowell's attention, and he looked up at the roof in order to see what it was that Montana surveyed so earnestly.

"What's the matter? What's broke up there anything?"

"Nothing that I know of," Montana replied, placidly.

"But what are you looking at?"

"Nothing in particular."

"Why in thunder don't you pay attention then to a feller when he's a-talking to you?"

"I did pay attention," Montana said, quietly. "I heard what you said, but as I am not interested in stutters of any description, living, I did not feel called upon to make any reply."

"Well, now, I tell you, old man, she is jest—jest—!" and Hollowell paused for want of a word.

"Colossal," suggested Montana, mildly.

"That's jest it, by gol!" exclaimed the big miner, in a state of high admiration. "Talk about that old heathen Venus; why, this splendid-looking critter of a heifer could knock spots out of her!"

"Hollowell, my friend, you've got it bad!" Montana observed, in his quiet way.

"Well, I'll own up that the gal has rather taken me into camp," Hollowell admitted, with a grin upon his good-natured features. "That little gal, Mercedes, is right nice, as a Southern feller would say, but this gal—why, she jest knocks the socks off of any gal I ever did see."

"Well, go for her—win her—wed her—be happy—you have my consent—bless you, my children!" Montana ejaculated, with a sober face.

"Oh, git out with your fooling!" Hollowell cried. "Do you s'pose she'd look at a poor galoot like me, and they say her father, old Campbell, is jest rolling in wealth."

"I've seen the moon shine brighter on a puddle than on the ocean—" Montana began, but Hollowell unceremoniously interrupted him.

"Oh, quit!" he cried; "by gol! I ain't a-going to be called a puddle by anybody. This Miss Campbell—"

"Oh, then it is Miss Campbell?"

"Of course."

"I thought that I recognized her."

"Oh, you know her then?"

"No."

"Seen her up-town, mebbe?"

"No."

"How in thunder did you know it was Miss Campbell, then?"

"Guessed that it was the lady by her dress," Montana exclaimed. "I heard that the honorable member from Tadpole Hollow had his daughter with him, and that she sported a whole dry-goods store on her person, to say nothing of a jewelry shop, and of course after that description it was as easy as rolling off a log to recognize her when she came up the valley."

"Well, old man, you're in luck! she wants to make your acquaintance."

Montana made a wry face.

"The deuce she does! Does she know that I am here?"

CHAPTER XXII.

FACE TO FACE.

KNOW that you air here!" repeated Hollowell; "well, yes, I reckon that she does."

Montana fully looked the disgust he felt.

"What in thunder did you want to let her know for?"

"How could I help it when she axed me plump?"

"Why didn't you tell her that I had gone to China?"

"How so?"

"She see'd you go into the house! Oh! she's lightning, she is! Say, partner, she's the finest woman that I ever set eyes on a-walking on top of this here airth!" The giant was enthusiastic.

"Do you think so?" quoth Montana, dryly.

"I believe yer! Why, Montana, she's a reg'lar first-class angel!"

"Devil, more likely," answered Montana, bitterly.

Hollowell looked astonished.

"What on airth put that idee into your head?" he asked. "Why, she's as pretty as a picture."

"Handsome is as handsome does!"

Hollowell was amazed; never before since he had known his partner had he heard him speak so bitterly, and as the brilliant Miss Campbell had made such a favorable impression upon him he could not understand why Montana was not likewise captivated.

"Oh, you ought to jes' talk to her for awhile, that's all; she's a reg'lar born lady."

"Yes, a regular princess, eh?"

Montana was sarcastic, but Hollowell did not perceive it.

"Oh, yes, jes' as easy and graceful! I tell yer, Montana, Mercedes is pretty fair shakes of a girl but she ain't a circumstance to this one!" and the big miner's honest admiration was expressed in looks as well as words.

"Well, she's taken you for all you are worth, that's plain," Montana observed.

"Oh, get out!"

"It's a fact!"

Hollowell was blushing like a girl under Montana's keen gaze and was decidedly uneasy although he attempted to laugh the matter off.

"Humbug! Can't a man look at a gal without having such a thing seed of him? But come; she wants to see you."

"What does she want of me?"

"Why, kinder curious to make your acquaintance, I s'pose; leastways, she seed something like that."

She recognized me, then, when I entered the house?"

"Oh, yes; she axed right out plump if you warn't Mister Montana. If it hadn't a bin for that I might have tried to put the critter off, 'cos I kinder suspected that you wasn't anxious to talk with her when you dusted into the shanty so lively; but, I tell yer, Montana, you'd 'a' missed it, for she's a reg'lar screamer. Durn my old boots! if she ain't jes' a leetle ahead of any she-critter that I ever happened to run across. She's jes' as keen as a razor!"

"Old fellow, is she keen enough to cut between us—to sever our friendship?" asked Montana, in his peculiar, odd, abrupt way.

"What an idea!" Hollowell cried, surprised at the thought. "What on airth put that into your noddle?"

Montana merely shook his head as if in doubt; gazed earnestly into the honest face of the tall son of the old State of Maine, but made no reply in words.

"I kinder reckon that you air trying to poke fun at me, ain't you?" Hollowell exclaimed, good-naturedly. "I'll own up that I'm a leetle sweet on this here splendid-looking critter; but, thunder! if a man can't stop over once in a while 'bout a woman, what on airth is he fit for?"

Montana merely smiled at this burst of confidence, and that was all.

"Well, you'll come out and see her, won't you?" Hollowell questioned.

"I suppose I shall have to," was Montana's evidently unwilling admission.

"Yes, I s'pose so, too; she knows you're here. Come out and talk to her. I tell you what, partner, the sight of that gal is good for sore eyes!"

"Go ahead; it's no use trying to run away from our fate," and Montana put on a stern look.

Hollowell stared at the speech, but forbore to comment upon it, and the two emerged into the air.

Miss Campbell was seated upon a bowlder, busily engaged in tracing curious figures in the sand at her feet with the point of her parasol handle, and was apparently unconscious of the approach of the two miners.

"Gosh-all-fire!" cried Hollowell, in the ear of Montana, as they came down the slope, "did you ever see a prettier woman than she is since the day you war knee-high to a grass-hopper?"

"Did you ever see a rattlesnake winding in the grass of a sunny glade, every scale glistening in the warm light, every movement a curve of beauty?" Montana returned.

Hollowell stared; odd as were his partner's moods he had never known him to talk so strangely before.

And Dianora Campbell was a beauty indeed, as she sat so picturesquely poised upon the bowlder. Few men in this world with souls so calloused by Old Father Time's searing hand as to be able to gaze without admiration upon the ripe charms of Dianora's glorious womanhood.

But, upon Montana's white and marble-like face no trace of appreciation could be discerned; he gazed upon the beautiful girl, so rich in her fresh young beauty, as coolly as though she was but a piece of solid stone carved to the human form instead of being so rich in wealth of charms.

Attracted by the sound of the footsteps approaching the girl raised her head, a bright, beaming smile upon her beautiful features.

One used to Dianora and her ways would have said that she was doing her best to be fascinating.

"This is my partner, Miss Campbell," said Hollowell, introducing Montana with his best bow.

"Mr. Jones?" questioned Dianora, rising, with a charming smile and acknowledging the introduction.

Montana bowed, coldly and placidly.

"Yes, marm, Mr. Jones; though I guess he's much better known by the name of Montana round these here parts."

"I think that I have had the pleasure of meeting you before, Mr. Jones," Dianora said, in her sweetest tones.

Montana looked surprised and shook his head slowly.

"You do not remember me then?"

"No, Miss."

"And yet I am sure that we have met before," she persisted.

"I reckon not, Miss," Montana rejoined, coldly and calmly, while Hollowell looked on somewhat astonished at the conversation.

And then Dianora turned her bright eyes suddenly on the big miner.

"Mr. Hollowell," she said, "I trust that you will excuse me if I request the favor of a private interview with Mr. Jones?"

The charming smile which accompanied the words was altogether too much for the captivated Hollowell, and he readily reddened with delight at being able to oblige the beautiful woman in this trifling way.

"Oh, certainly, marm; I've got a leetle business down the gulch and I kin attend to it now as well as any other time."

Miss Campbell bowed and smiled, and the honest-hearted miner hurried away, overjoyed at being able to render a service worth a "thank you," and yet a little annoyed that she should wish a private interview with Montana rather than with himself.

"Mebbe she thinks that she kin talk my part out of his idee of holding on to the mine," he muttered to himself, as he walked down the gulch; "and I reckon that she will twist him out of it, if anybody kin, but he's a dreadful feller about getting sot, and when he is sot, he's sot for good."

The tall form of the miner disappeared around the bend in the gulch.

Dianora Campbell looked to the north and then to the south.

No human bird nor beast, in sight except the man and woman by the gulch claim.

"And now, once again," cried Dianora Campbell, "Mr. William Jones—Montana—or whatever else you may be pleased to call yourself, we are face to face!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 362.)

A WOMAN'S GIFT.

BY MARY REED.

You tell me that you love me now,
In tones so soft and sweet,
And you ask me if I'll wed thee,
And loving vows repeat.

You offer me an honored name;
A palace home is thine;
Whilst I am but an humble maid—
An orphan's lot is mine.

But, you tell me I am lovely,
And you care naught for this;
Why you whisper fondest praises,
And sign them with a kiss.

I do not love you for your wealth,
Nor yet your worldly fame;
I love you for your upright heart—
Your fair, unblemished name.

But, when long years have passed away,
And furrows mar my brow,
Will you still speak in gentle tones,
And love me then, as now?

And oh! when cares and trials come,
And winds blow rough and cold,
Will you help smooth these cares away?
Will you love me when I'm old?

I cannot bring you worldly wealth,
No palace home nor land;
But I have for thee a richer gift—
A woman's heart and hand.

A Night of Terror.

BY JOR. E. RADGER, JR.

"HELP! HELP!"

Weird and wailingly sounded the terrified appeal, borne upon the whistling wind through the heavily falling rain. Over the level, sodden marsh until the despairing cry was swallowed up by the growing storm. Over the rugged, rock-strewn ascent until, repelled by the frowning cliff above, the agonized shriek, weirdly distorted by the whirling, tossing tempest, came back to the ears of the one whose lips gave it utterance as though mocking her dire extremity.

Again the shriek was whirled by the fierce wind across the low bottom-land through which was doggedly plodding a dripping horse, whose head, like that of its rider, was bent low against the pelting rain and the cold, biting wind; nor did the appealing cry pass unheeded. The horse abruptly halted, and both heads were uplifted in eager listening. Their pause was not of long duration. Once more the terror-stricken voice rung out, this time with unmistakable distinctness.

"A woman—in trouble!" cried the traveler, striking his armed heels into the horse's flanks.

Sinking deep into the spongy, porous soil, now little better than a bog, the willing animal plunged along the flooded road, pausing only when its fore-feet touched the edge of the turbid, swollen stream that flowed along the base of the rocky precipice beyond.

The horseman peered eagerly through the pelting, blinding storm, protecting his eyes with one hand. He could see nothing but the whirling water, coffee-colored, streaked here and there with foam, dotted with drift-wood, with sodden logs, with trees the leafy tops and bristling roots of which told how lately they had been undermined by the treacherous flood. And as he gazed, breathlessly, a choking, strangling cry guided his eyes.

Near the center of the stream stood a single, sturdy pile, sole remnant of the bridge for which the traveler had been heading. Pressed close to this he now saw a white, terrified face—the face of a fair young girl, whose arms were clasped around the slippery post with a grip of despair, as she cried:

"Save me—for the love of God!"

The traveler uttered an encouraging shout. Bending over he cut the martingales, then hastily knotted the reins loosely upon the horse's neck. He cast a hasty glance up the river, and saw that the coast was comparatively clear. Then he cried, aloud:

"I will come for you. When I shout now turn around the post and trust all to me."

A faint cry came back in token that he was understood, and, fearing to wait longer, he made the truly desperate venture.

Though snorting and trembling with fear, the good horse was too well trained to disobey its master, and, at the encouraging cry, he plunged forward, floundering through the treacherous mud of the overflowed bank.

Twice it seemed as though he would stall, but then the edge of the customary bank gave way beneath him, and they were plunged headlong into the swiftly-whirling waters.

A low cry of despair broke from the girl's lips as her last hope seemed to vanish, but then she saw the horse and its rider reappear, head toward her, and gallantly breast the powerful current to regain the advantage lost by that unfortunate plunge. It was indeed a hard task, but the good horse proved equal to it, aided by the steady hand and encouraging voice of its master.

At last—it seemed an age—the pile was neared, and the young man shouted aloud the signal. With a blind faith, the maiden allowed the current to sweep her around the post, and in an instant was torn from her hold by the hungry waters. But a strong hand closed upon her arm and held her head above the surface; then—

A sharp cry broke from his lips as he again lifted his eyes. A huge dead-wood tree, with wide-spread branches, was bearing swiftly down upon them—was within its own length before discovery, even less than the distance to the nearest shore. But one minute—one half-minute later—and the good horse would have borne them to safety. Gallantly he struggled—but in vain. Still swifter came the drift—almost grazing them as it swept along. Then, with an almost human cry, the horse whirled swiftly around and sunk beneath the turbid waters. A sunken limb had struck his legs from under him.

Wisely the traveler had freed his feet from the stirrups, and though the struggles of his horse carried him under, he did not lose his grasp upon the girl's arm, and quickly fought his way to the surface. Tossing the dripping hair from his eyes, he took in the situation at a glance.

The furious current had swept them past the one practicable landing-place upon the nearest, or southern side of the stream. The northern bank no human being could have gained, at that point. By an abrupt bend in the river, the current swept across to the southern shore, beating fiercely against the rocky wall.

There was little time for thought. The man had just long enough to realize their peril, to change his position so that he might save the girl from the shock at his own expense, when the tumbling waters hurled them violently against the rock wall. Just how it was accomplished, the young man could never tell, but a few seconds later the young couple were crouching upon a narrow ledge of rock, almost blinded by the spray that dashed over them, only saved from being torn from their precarious foothold by the fierce wind that fairly pinned them to the wall.

The twilight was fast waning, but it lasted long enough for the young man to assure himself that there was no method of escape from the ledge save by plunging into the angry flood at their feet.

"Courage!" he said, pressing the little hand that clung to his arm. "At least our lives are saved."

"If the storm would only break! but if it keeps on, the river will rise and wash us away!"

"We must hope for the best. It cannot rise much higher, for it is already beginning to overflow the other bank—"

He could say no more. With renewed violence the wind dashed fiercely upon them, crushing them against the rock with a force that took their breath away. Then came a sudden, whirling eddy that relieved the crushing pressure and caused them to totter upon the slippery ledge. For one horrible moment it seemed as though they must fall again into the merciless waves, to meet their death; but only for an instant. A second sharp gust forced them back once more against the wall.

"Better the spray than the flood," shouted the man, with a half-reckless laugh, as he crouched low down and drew the girl beside him. "Lucky we can't get any wetter; and it's safer this way."

The girl made no resistance as his arm was gently wound around her waist, drawing her close to his side. A warm glow filled the young man's heart as he saw how trustfully she nestled beside him, her chill hands clasping his arm, one cheek pressed against his dripping coat. He looked down upon her face, and saw that it was very fair—despite the lines of terror left by her fierce struggle for life with the mad waters. He felt her shiver as the fierce blast struck them, and when there came another lull, he gently removed her hands and took off his heavy coat, wrapping it tightly around her, despite her objections.

"If you refuse, I'll throw it into the river," he said, in a voice that told his earnestness, and she no longer refused, but pressed the closer to him that he might share the covering.

The night had fallen now, and the darkness became intense, unrelieved even by a passing gleam of lightning. The fury of the storm seemed to augment rather than decrease, and despite his confident expressed belief, the traveler felt that the rising waters would soon sweep them from the ledge—to death inevitable. He knew that the water was drawing nearer them, for now the waves beat incessantly against their feet, more than once fairly covering their heads, and only by clinging desperately to the ragged points of rock could they retain their position until, during a brief lull, he drove his stout knife deep into a crevice in the wall. To this he fastened his belt, passing one arm through the loop, holding his companion closely with the other.

And thus that terrible night was passed—a night that will long be remembered by hundreds of the inhabitants of the Vermilion valley besides the two with whom this sketch deals. All night the furious storm raged. The river overran its banks, and when daylight came and the storm gradually died away, the entire valley was flooded from hill to hill.

But the first dim rays of the sun found the young couple alive, though pale and haggard from their long fight with death. Ah! that was a blessed moment of joy—for they saw that the flood was beginning to subside, that the lipping waters barely reached the level of the ledge.

As the hours rolled on, they exchanged confidences, and during their enforced waiting, became more thoroughly acquainted than if they had passed an ordinary year together.

Her story was simple. Her name was Laura Weston. She had been spending a week at a friend's, but growing homesick, started off alone for home, knowing that if she spoke of her intention she would not be permitted to start out in the face of the gathering storm. Reaching the river, she found that the old bridge had been swept away, but determined to cross upon the pile of driftwood that had gathered against the remaining piles. When half-over, a heavy log came down and striking one loosened pile, set the entire drift free. She was plunged into the water, and swept against a lower pile, the force of the water upon her back enabling her to keep her position until she was rescued as detailed.

He, Edward Thompson, was spending his

holiday in riding lazily through Kansas and the Indian Nation, and was hastening for F., when the storm overtook him.

It was late that afternoon when they were rescued by a party who were searching for stock that had been swept away, and half an hour later they were safe at Mr. Weston's.

The young man had no cause to complain of his reception at the hands of Laura's parents. Indeed he was so much pleased with it, that he made more than one trip to F., just to—well, the last time he went, I know that he took with him a very pretty ring, and they do say that a short time after Ed was seen in Marysville—and they do say that he left that lively town with a marriage license in his pocket.

Giants.

THE Bible mentions several races of giants, as the Rephaims, the Anakims, the Emims, the Zononims and others. Profane historians also mention giants; they gave seven feet to Hercules, their first hero, and in our days we have seen men eight feet high. The giant who was shown in Rouen, in 1735, measured eight feet some inches. The emperor Maximian was of that size; Shenkius and Platerus, physicians of the last century, saw several of that stature; and Goriopius saw a girl who was ten feet high.

The body of Orestes, according to the Greeks, was eleven feet and a half; the giant Galbar, brought from Arabia to Rome, under Claudius Cesar, was near ten feet; and the bones of Scodilla and Puffo, keepers of the gardens of Sallust, were but six inches shorter.

Fumam, a Scotchman, who lived in the time of Eugene the Second, King of Scotland, measured eleven feet and a half; and Jacob le Maire, in his voyage to the Straits of Magellan, reports that on the 17th of December, 1615, they found at Port Desire several graves covered with stones, and having the curiosity to remove the stones, they discovered human skeletons of ten and eleven feet long.

The Chevalier Scory, in his voyage to the Peak of Teneriffe, says that they found, in one of the sepulchral caverns of that mountain, the head of a Ganche, which had eighty teeth, and that the body was not less than fifteen feet long.

The giant Ferragus, slain



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Sunshine Papers.

Perpetual Topics—With Women.

THEIR AILMENTS.

"WHY, my dear Mrs. X., how delightful to meet you! Take this seat next me. You are just in time not to have to stand. How they do crowd these cars! And are you well? It is quite an age since I saw you. Why haven't you been more sociable?"

"Been sick? Dear, dear, I'm so grieved to hear it! I should certainly have been to see you if I had heard of it; though, to tell the truth, I have not been at all well myself. But then, I never am; I'm so delicate—as Mr. W. says, the wind can scarcely blow upon me without completely prostrating me. You cannot imagine how I sympathize with you people when you are ill! I am such a martyr myself, I always feel a pang of pity when I hear of any other sufferer. But, you did not tell me what was the matter with you."

"Pneumonia! Oh, it is dreadful! I can assure you I know all about it. I am subject to it myself. I am so susceptible to every change of the weather; it always gives me some throat or lung trouble. Oh, no, I do not think my lungs are seriously affected; it is only, as I say, I am so delicate! I have to take the greatest care of myself. I feel, oftentimes, that if it wasn't for poor dear Mr. W.'s sake I should not bear up under my sufferings as I do. I frequently tell him, men little know what martyrs we women are. You see, they cannot understand us. When I tell Mr. W. how weak I feel, he says I do not eat enough. Just as if a woman could eat like a man! I have such a delicate appetite; I never was a vulgar eater. And then, when I speak of my headaches, he says I ought to get more fresh air. You see he does not comprehend that I am so unlike other women, and cannot expose myself as some can. By the way, do you ever have any affection of the liver?"

"Yes! Oh! then you must try Dr. Glib. Liver complaints are his specialty. I have had several physicians, but when I found my liver was troubling me I sent for Dr. Glib, and he is doing me a world of good. And, while I think of it, I must tell you an excellent remedy I have found for dyspepsia. You know I am a horrible victim to it. But lately, I have been trying white mustard seed. I take a quarter of a pound of it a day—swallow it whole. I am sure it is excellent. Mrs. J. told me of it. I try all the remedies my friends suggest, in the hope of finding an effectual cure some day."

"Do I take plenty of exercise? Why, no; I

have so much sewing to do. Oh! we women are little appreciated by our husbands; we suffer and sew, suffer and sew, as I tell Mr. W. But I am not one to complain. I never go around afflicting my friends, or my husband, with constant talking of my illness. I believe woman's lot is to suffer, and she should do so bravely, and with self-sacrificing silence. Now, there are my nerves!—Oh, do you get out here! Good-morning. Do come and see me soon."

THEIR CLOTHES.

"Mrs. A.! Is it possible! I cannot tell you how happy I am at meeting you! Been shopping? How I envy you! I am going, and I assure you I dread it. It is such tedious work. It always takes so long to look at new goods and decide what one wants. Mr. W. says I just wear myself out shopping. It is too true, but, as I tell him, it must be done! I really think men are so foolish as to imagine we like to shop! They never give us credit for being self-sacrificing. Who would keep the house furnished, and the family clothed, if one did not make it a conscientious duty to go shopping! Once or twice Mr. W. has purchased some sheeting or selected me a dress; but, dear me, he gives half a dollar more for the two silks and two cents more for the muslin, than if I bought it myself! You see, he just goes in and asks for an article, and says cut off so many yards. He does not appreciate how much we save when we examine different goods, and spend time over our purchases. But, when I tell him, he says the extra time and strength saved is worth the money. Men know so little!"

"You have been buying a new navy-blue silk, for spring? How elegant it will be! You always dress with such excellent taste! How shall you have it made! With side plaitings and fringe! Oh! delightful! Now, I am going to have a gray silk; and I shall have bias folds, puffs, fringe, shirring, and scallops on the overskirt, knife-plaiting, velvet, French hems, and bows on the underskirt; and the basque is to be trimmed with fringe, velvet, plaiting, bows, and ruffles croqueted up the back. Will it not be divine? What shall you get for a hat? Why, here I am at Merchant & Co.'s. Good-morning. I'll run around and see your new silk and hat, next week."

THEIR NEIGHBORS.

"Well, I'm glad to sit down in a chair, Mr. W. You cannot conceive how utterly tired out I am. I have been shopping all day, and feel as if I cannot hold up my head another minute. Bridget will have to wait upon you. I must drink a cup of tea or two, and get to bed. It just uses me up to travel in the cars and stages; oh, who do you suppose I met today? Mrs. X. She says she has had the pneumonia; but I do not believe it was more than a trifling cold. She looked well enough. Some people are always making a fuss over their health, and complaining as if no one was ever ill but themselves, and get frightened if they have the sniffles. One would think they were afraid to die; and I should not wonder if Mrs. X. is. The way she treats that step-daughter of hers ought to give any woman a guilty conscience! I wonder Mr. X. allows it! The idea of making Nellie roll her baby around, as if she was a nurse-maid, and take the parlors, and take all the care of her own room! I guess folks will see she will not make her own child do so when she gets the same age!"

"It does not hurt Nellie X. to do such things? No one says it hurts her; but, people will make remarks when a woman as rich as Mrs. X. compels her step-daughter to do that amount of work, when she might just as well keep another servant. But, Mrs. X. is a mean woman, anyway! She told me, once, that she always weighed out materials for cake and pastry, because the cook might be wasteful. And Mrs. B. told me that Mrs. X. only gave one dollar to the Heaton Woman's Book Club Association when I headed the list with ten! Now there is Mrs. O. gave five dollars, and is not half as well off as Mrs. X. I thought I would venture to say that Mrs. O. could not afford it, if the truth was known. She is so extravagant; and always trying to force herself into good society."

"But I must retire. I am sure I am going to have a nervous headache, and— I forget to tell you I saw Mrs. A. Such a fright as that woman is! I never saw a mortal contrive to dress more wretchedly than she. And she had just bought a new navy-blue dress when navy-blue is all out of style, and will make her complexion look hideous! Some women never know what to buy!"

"You cannot imagine, Mr. W., how my temples are throbbing. Did I tell you I saw Mrs. H. out driving with her brother-in-law? She had better stay home and nurse her husband, confined to his room, as he is, poor fellow, with the rheumatism! If I was given to saying unkind things of my neighbors I could tell some severe criticisms that people make upon Mrs. H. But, if there is anything I hate, it is gossiping of my acquaintances!"

"Good night, Mr. W.; my head is nearly splitting with pain. You men little know what tortures women endure!"

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

INQUISITIVE PEOPLE.

I HAD much rather—at any time—have musketoes bothering me and flies pestering me, than be subjected, for half an hour, to these prying, inquisitive, poke-their-noses-in-everybody's-business sort of folks, and the sooner we have a society for the prevention of such bi-peaks the better for humanity at large.

These inquisitive beings desire to know how much you get for your labors; they demand to know what you did to get your place and how you expect to keep it; they are as uneasy as fleas if you do not tell them all you know and more too, and hop around your reserve, or your prudence, ready to pounce down upon any possible sore spot, or in at any opening, to get at what you do not wish to reveal.

Such people are nuisances, ogres, monsters. They are mean, small, contemptible. They are coarse, ill-bred, uncivil. They live in an atmosphere of distrust; they feed on suspicion; they grow fat on others' misery.

Last summer a party of us went to the burying-ground to place some flags on the soldiers' graves—it was the eve of Decoration Day. One of our party, who seemed to consider that when he said a thing it was all-sufficient, and no act of Congress could make it any different, remarked that it was all foolishness, this decorating the graves of our beloved, but that didn't, in the least, disconcert us or hinder our efforts. He was one of these prying, inquisitive, buzzing insects, always wanting to know the whys, wherefores, and because of everything. I think he reached the height of inquisitiveness—and impudence—when he withdrew a small flag from one of the graves in which it had been placed, to look at—to see what kind of cloth it was made of—but really to compute its cost, to see if we were giving as much to

the dead, in dollars and cents, as others. He did not stop there. He kinder wanted to know why we put the flag there—if we was in any way related, etc., etc. Oh, dear, but didn't I want to scratch that inquisitive fool's face! The impudence was equal to an insult and a shame, but stupid that he was, he didn't "see" it; and, alas! there are many others just like him in this world!

Then there are folks who like to drop in upon you just about meal time, to see if you live just the same every day as you do when you have company—maybe to pry about and see if you haven't got a tid-bit of something good you have been saving for your "very selves," and which they would like to have a share of. Maybe they do such things at home themselves, and judge others by their own actions.

If a stranger makes his appearance in the village, what a consternation it causes! Who is he? Where did he come from? Who knows him? Do you suppose he has money? Has he run away from his wife? Has he come wife-hunting? "Can't, for the life of me, tell whether he's that feller that absconded from New York city, or the minister what preached down to the holler."

Why cannot people have something better to do than gratify their silly, inquisitive tastes? Our Maker meant us for something nobler, better, wiser and purer, and He never intended us to make Paul Pry's of ourselves.

It would be much more Christian like if we were as anxious to find out how much our neighbors suffered, and strived to relieve that suffering and ease their pains, to build up people's characters and not slander them. There are enough topics from which we can glean information, and we needn't stoop so low in the dirt as to look to see what a bright little pig is made of. Many will say, "How much poor Mrs. A. suffers! If she wouldn't think it inquisitive I'd really like to ask her how much money she needs, that I might relieve her." That is not inquisitiveness, if the question was asked in a kindly spirit, for a kindly spirit does not know how to practice inquisitiveness.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

A Letter of Recommendation.

THIS is to certify that the bearer of this letter, Mr. Solomon Skruggs, has for twenty years been acquainted with me, though never upon such intimate terms as to borrow money of me. People hold him in great esteem who love him, and he enjoys the confidence of those who confide in him. He is very trustworthy, as every storekeeper in town will tell you quickly, and with a sigh—a man who enjoys infinite trust—as well as anybody else, and his honesty is so far beyond question that people do not have to ask any question about it. If he ever was unfortunate enough to get into jail it was not because he wanted to go there, and neighbors with wood or chickens could find him in peace, as long as they did not make a fuss with him. The question raised against him concerning the ownership of a horse once upon a time, and by which he lost the horse, but got one year, lowered him in the minds of some people—but not very much, I am glad to say.

The people in the community in which he lives and moves think, and justly, that there is no man like him, and I could never blame them. He has made himself what he is, and he had an easy job of it.

His principles are strictly in conformity with his character, and nobody ever was disappointed in his actions who did not expect more of him.

He is very manly, having spent the greatest part of his life in practicing the manly art, so people brought into contact with him look upon this attainment with distinguished consideration, and even forget about themselves—until they are brought to.

He never told a lie in his life—that was not for some purpose, and the truth in his mouth is as pliable as a lump of mush, and he can put it into any shape he pleases, and he has no equal in this peculiar line. You can always believe as much of what he tells you as you wish, and if you lose anything by it it will be your own fault, and also your own loss. No one who never knew him and was not intimately acquainted with him, would ever brand him as a liar. People who know him never doubt what he says, because it is not worth while, and they have the utmost belief in him—whatever their particular belief may be, and it is asserted that he never wastes any truth, since it is so rare, and valuable; and no one would certainly dispute his word—because he weighs two hundred pounds, and generally gives his testimony with a good many oaths—although they are hardly necessary, and make his words no more binding.

He possesses no ostentatious pride, and is perfectly indifferent as to whether his hat has a rim, or the rim has a hat, and feels just as comfortable if his back has no coat, or his coat has no back. A hole in his elbow does not make him feel stuck up any more than his toes sticking out of his boots, and it is to his credit to say that he never affects the high-down and aristocratic luxuries of handkerchief and soap.

It can truly be said of him that he treats everybody alike, so no one can complain of that, no matter how much they may complain of the treatment, and he would never cheat a poor man who had no money out of one cent.

He always keeps his promises, and so never promises to pay his debts, and I think so much of him that if he owed me a debt of ten dollars I would cheerfully tell him that I would give up the claim.

His integrity, if he has any of it, is just as good as anybody else's integrity.

I can say this in his favor, that, when he is constrained to be honest, there is no man in the town who can be more honest than he is, and I get no salary for saying this about him, any more than a disinterested friend; and I owe him nothing but a few grudges, which from pure physical debility I am unable to pay—but the interest is going on at twelve per cent.

You could watch him every minute and you would find that he never would take anything that did not belong to him. This is a fact which I am tickled in the ribs to chronicle; and I am willing to swear to it. And while he is near you, you can keep your eyes upon him watchfully, and see if I am not correct. It will pay you to do so; at least, you will lose nothing by it. If you do, you can charge the same to me and let it stand. He was never seen to take anything—and he is a very smart man.

His daily walk through life has been as straight as the exigencies of the case would allow, and if it was not always on a surveyor's line it was not the fault of the feet.

He always goes by the dictates of his conscience, and never stops—no matter what is up,

He is a very considerate man, and never in all his life had anything against another person harder than his fist.

The general goodness of this man cannot be computed, and Arithmetic is puzzled himself; figures are entirely too large, and all the naughts in the book would fall short.

His wife thinks he is the only husband she has ever had, and the people coincide in the opinion.

He has always been a father to his children, and an uncle to his nephews, and there is no one in this town who would for a moment think otherwise.

He has made every effort to rise, and we have frequently seen him making such efforts to rise that they were deserving of all success; but as soon as he got up on his knees he would go over again, but it was muddy and very soft, so he did not hurt himself.

He is strictly temperate, that is to say, he seldom drinks much more than he can swallow. One glass is as much as he drinks at one time, and he does not take the next one until after that. You could leave him in a room with a barrel of whisky all night, and in the morning the barrel would be there.

A man with all these qualifications should certainly find an opening in any town to which he should go, and any encouragement which philanthropic hearts could bestow would materially assist a man who, if he was half as rich as he is poor, would be worth more than he is to-day.

Very respectfully,
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—The snow in Nevada has been so deep that cattle made for the railroad tracks in order to stand in dry places. When the cars came along the beasts could not get out of the way owing to the high walls of snow, and every engine became a slaughterer.

—Duluth, at the head of Lake Superior, is becoming a deserted village, the misfortunes of the Duluth and Pacific Railroad having given it its death-blow. Corner lots sell for what they will bring. A house that cost \$3,500 in better days has just been sold for \$700.

—One of the ladies employed in the Treasury Department at Washington is reported to be a baroness. Her husband, the Baron Von Buechstein, with a waning fortune, left the fatherland for this country at the beginning of the war, and lost his life on the Union side.

—Frenchmen are eating more and more horse-flesh. The first horse butcher in Paris opened his shop in 1866. Last year 9,000 horses, 643 asses, and 35 mules were eaten in France. A plain dealer in the Pacific Railroad having given it its death-blow, corner lots sell for what they will bring. A house that cost \$3,500 in better days has just been sold for \$700.

—Martin, the famous French lion-tamer, once took a young artist into the cage of a particularly fierce lion, and the two men calmly sat down while the painter cut his pencil and sketched the lion and his animal. The artist, afterward distinguished as the Belgian animal painter, Verboeckhoven, never would sell that sketch.

—Among the buildings recently exhumed at Pompeii is a drinking-saloon, with its tables and other appointments. The pictures frescoes upon the walls represent tavern scenes. Men are drinking and gambling at tables; others are seated upon wooden benches against the walls, and others are standing in conversation.

—Fort Worth, Texas, which was a droning village six months since, has sprung into a busy, bustling town; has gas-works, a street railway, a jail, a found-house, and two daily newspapers; while water-works are projected and will probably be constructed when the demand for the attenuated fluid will warrant the investment.

—Since the opening of the Suez Canal the little town of Ismailia has prospered amazingly. As an instance of the increased value of real estate, a little tongue of land near the mouth of the canal, that was declined by Lord Palmerston when offered him for \$4,000, has just been purchased by an association of English capitalists at the price of \$130,000.

—The telephone, it appears, is not a new thing. The fact that electricity, in passing through magnetic helix, or coil of wire, is productive of sound was first discovered by Professor Charles G. Page, of Salem, Mass., as long ago as 1837. His observations were published, and, as he was a man of large attainments, his experiments attracted attention at home and abroad.

—In order to check the patronage of opium dens by whites of both sexes, the Board of Supervisors of San Francisco have passed a law imposing a fine of not less than \$50, nor more than \$500, upon any keeper who permits a white person to smoke in his place, declaring it a criminal act for a white person to be found in a den, and imposing a fine of not less than \$50 therefor.

—There is no provision of law for the redemption or exchange of silver three-cent pieces; and they are a legal tender for not more than thirty cents in any one payment. The coinage of these pieces was first authorized by the Act of March 3, 1851, which required them to be composed of three-fourths silver and one-fourth copper. The Act of March 3, 1853, changed the fineness to 900 parts silver and 100 parts copper.

—General Pleasanton's blue glass theory is assailed by the *Scientific American*. His idea that electricity is generated by the passage of light through the glass is declared to be absurd. Nor have colored rays any beneficial effect on life, the reverse rather being the case, as a pure white light is the best. The only good that can possibly come of blue glass is in its use as a shade for decreasing the intensity of solar light.

—There is a man in Southington, Ct., between fifty and sixty years of age, who has steadily worked for his father until the present day; never had a dollar in his pocket, never went to church, wedding or funeral, never was on a car, never to a party, never spoke to a girl; never had a holiday; and yet had his poll-tax abated this year on account of poverty, while his father's estate is estimated at from \$30,000 to \$50,000.

—The Princess Ida Wrede, a handsome woman of thirty-three, whose ancestral castle is on the Grotenese, in Germany, was recently married to a wood-cutter who can neither read nor write. The princess is a remarkably intelligent woman, who speaks six languages, and is very cultivated. She is now living on a little place on the Salzburger-Isch near her husband. She has done a peasant's work, and goes with him to the country church every Sunday.

—The artificial hatching of eggs has been carried on for hundreds of years by the Egyptians and the Chinese. There is not the slightest difficulty in doing it if the requisite attention is given. The only trouble is in regulating the heat, and the arrangement by which the flame of the lamp which heats the machine is turned up or down when necessary. This incubator is in use successfully, and was awarded a first premium at the Centennial.

—Rev. Mr. Murray, of Boston, was asked by a Sunday-school boy what the chariots of Biblical times were like. He replied: "They were a good deal like horse-cars, in one respect at least. Who ever rode in them had to ride standing. We have enlarged the chariots in our day, but the chief characteristic is still kept. They had other resemblances. They had no springs. They often got off the track, and the men who were inside had always to hop on to keep them from bumping out. And they had to hold on, too."

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Old Arkansaw's Ruse;" "A Border Heroine;" "The Rejected Address;" "Loa of the Bright Blue Eye;" "How She Won;" "The Amethyst Ring;" "Stealing Her Own;" "Instead of a Lover;" "All in the Family."

Declined: "Legend of the Water Gap;" "A Request;" "Late and Left;" "A New Idea;" "Peppercorn;" "His Ghost;" "A Dead Crow;" "The First Spring Pipe;" "Was It a Lie?"

JESSIE E. We never "endorse" any advertisement. Be your own judge.

WILLY. You can obtain papers always by calling at this office.

CHAS. See Beadle's Dime Base Ball Guide for this year.

JENNIE. Make the application in person, showing the recommendations, but don't beg for a place.

ANDY. If the lady will not wear the bracelet, take it back, of course, and ask no questions.

J. A. H. Lay the matter before the New York post-office authorities. They will look into the case.

CORN. Write to Sabin, bookseller, Nassau street, New York, or American News Co. We don't know prices.

CHARLEY, N. Y. Write to the clerk of the county in which the land lies. It would be strange if there were no taxes on it.

Mrs. L. D. Sketch not available. We have no need of the service proposed. No stamps sent for answer or return of MS.

ADMIRAL. There are naval rendezvous for enlistment at the several U. S. navy yards. Your only chance, in all probability, is an ordinary enlistment.

JOSIE LANE. *Dum spiro spero* means "While I breathe, I hope." We should say it was an excellent motto for an admirer to put in a book he is "about to present to his sweetheart." But, what if she should not know its meaning, either?

Mrs. V. D. inquires if "finger-bowls" are used at private tables. Yes, occasionally, at ceremonious breakfasts or dinners; but ordinarily, they are confined to restaurants where guests cannot immediately resort to the convenience of a dressing-room, and do not desire to draw their gloves upon sticky fingers.

A. M., writing in reference to a continuance of his paper adds: "I expect you think it a little soft in an old fellow of over 60 to be fond of story-reading. If so I can't help it. It's a great comfort to me." We see no reason why the man of 60 should be denied the mental pleasure a good story always inspires. No, old friend; you have every right to the comfort of entertaining reading, and let us hope you will be able to command it.

DAN E. A. The larger the tree the larger the roots which it has, and the roots are the fibers there will be upon them. A tree that has plenty of fibrous roots will grow readily if proper care is used in transportation; but no amount of skill can coax a tree to live and flourish as a destitute of these little fibers. Take two or three years' old trees, therefore, in preference to those larger and older, if you wish for the best success in transplanting.

DAN DEWEY asks: "Can you tell me of some effectual remedy for warts?" I am greatly troubled with them, and as they make my hands so ugly I would like to get rid of them. One each day touch the summits of the warts with the acid, taking great care to do so nicely and without allowing it to come in contact with the surrounding skin. Persevere in this treatment and you will completely remove the excrescences which will now annoy you.

Mrs. J. B. C. Hosliery is shown in every conceivable variety and at reduced figures. A return to white stockings for ladies' wear is prophesied; but colors are still largely in vogue, and, elaborately embroidered, are used for slipper wear, and are very reasonable in price. Silk hose equal, if not excel, all others for durability; hose three or four years' wear.

MILLIE HUMPHREYS, Alton, says: "Not long since a gentleman, whom I considered an ordinary acquaintance, sent me a very pretty bouquet. At the time I was suffering from an accident and thought it merely a kindly token of sympathy, and hardly knew how to do otherwise than accept the gift. But he has repeated the act several times; and, as I do not wish to encourage him in paying me any kind of marked attention, I have now decided to return it. What think you?"—Do not encourage the gentleman in any way by your manner; and if he persists in presenting you with bouquets, you might write a ladylike note, thanking him for past favors which you had accepted as evidences of sympathy in your affliction, but gracefully declining to be a continual recipient of such gifts.

LITTLE DAME asks for some prevention to the excessive perspiration of the feet and hands.—Bathe, daily, in cold water, adding a small quantity of liquid ammonia to the water used upon the hands and feet. This will prevent the perspiration. Also, prepare yourself a bathing-powder, by reducing starch to a finely pulverized state, and mixing with it enough origanum to perfume it delicately. Put the perfumed powder in a small, deep, round box, and over the open end paste thick paper; prick the paper with a large pin or darning-needle. With this preparation powder the inside of your shoes plentifully before drawing them upon your feet. Also, powder your gloves well before using them. This makes an excellent bathing-powder to use upon any part of the body, applied with a puff.

CHAUNCEY V. New Haven, says: "I am eighteen years old and a sophomore student in college. I am quite wealthy, and I have a stepfather who is also my guardian. For some months I have been paying attention to a young lady, to whom I am now engaged. I have communicated the news of my betrothal to my father and mother, and have also stated my desire to abandon my college course and marry immediately. The young lady is of a fine wealthy family, and my mother has given her consent to my plan; but my father strongly objects to it. Now, as I hate college, and have no property not to need to work for a living, and am very anxious to marry the girl I love, do you think I need regard my mother's opinion so long as my mother is willing I should do as I think best?"—If your mother has good reasons for thinking it best to allow you to abandon your studies and marry, she will probably be willing to let you get your stepfather to view matters in the same light. In the meantime, had you not better be patient still a little longer? For, if you do, we think your guardian's decision a wise one. In two years you will have graduated, and be, even then, extremely young to think of marrying. And if you and the young lady are both sensible, and if you are brilliant, intelligent, or ambitious, we should suppose that you would care to profit by a full college education, and make your mark, in some way, in the world. Our advice is, be guided by your guardian, and stick to college and your betrothed, also, for a couple of years. If she loves you she will wait.

MARY J. J. writes: "Please pardon me if I ask several questions, for you seem so kind to your correspondents that I feel encouraged to tell you my troubles. Recently a very pleasant gentleman was visiting at an acquaintance of mine, but he has now gone home, to a city out West. After his return home he wrote me a note, enclosing a trinket of mine that he said he had carried away by mistake, and begged me to acknowledge the receipt of it. I did so, and then he wrote again and sent some pretty poems that he thought I would like for my scrap-album. I wrote to thank him, and have received a third letter from him. Should I answer it, as a regular correspondence is likely to ensue? And do you think I did wrong to write the first two letters? I should like to correspond with him, if you think it is proper.—I have very ugly red nails, and they tear and break easily. Can I do anything to better them?—If a young lady receives a gift in a box with a valentine, and guesses pretty sure where it comes from, should she accept it? Suppose you consult your mother or some dear elderly friend about the correspondence, and the young man, you certainly did no wrong in making your first two acknowledgments to his letters; and if your friends approve of him, there is no impropriety in a correspondence.—Take great care of your nails; never use a knife or scissors to scrape them. Cut neatly, not too short nor too deep at the sides. Every time you wash your hands scrub the nails nicely with good soap and a nail-brush. After drying, push all the flesh gently back from the nails with a bit of ivory or back of a little knife-blade.—There is no impropriety in keeping a valentine gift, if a proper one, unless you especially dislike it so to do."

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

BARNEY'S WOOLING.

BY ANDREW RYAN.

Arrah! Kitty, be aisy!
Sure yer drivin' me crazy
Wid those dimples, and smiles, and those
bright eyes so blue;
Now me state is alarmin',
But, thin, faith it's so charm'
That I court the daisie, Miss, in comin' to
you!

Whist, now! Sister Mavourneen!
At the end av the boreen
There's a nate little cabin, all painted so
white
But it's within, sure, it lacks
What I'm about now to ax,
For to make the inside av it happy and
bright.

And now, Kitty, what's missin'
Is lips to be kissin'—
Is light feet to go patherin' over the hearth—
Is a form nate and pritty,
(Pay attention, Miss Kitty!)
And a voice that will always be ringin' wid
mirth.

So, yer surprised very much
That I don't find any such?
Ye sly little witch! sure ye know well me
meanin',
Ah, now ye rogue, don't ye pout!
I know well what yer up to, sure ye know
schemin'!

Now the girl that I'm after,
Sure is chokin' wid laughter
This minute, but she show it! No, no! That
wouldn't do!
Wid her coarin' and tazin',
She has set me heart tazin',
And that same cruel grin, Miss Kitty, is
yours!

What's that now? Yer refusin' me!
Because I'm so aisy, ye,
Ye will never look at me ag'in, do I hear?
Troth, I do, and I'm robbin'
Where the swifft tide is flowin'
And hide all me troubles. So good-by, Kitty
dear!

There! already ye've broken
The promise ye've just axed—
Ye've look'd at me, Kitty! Break the rist
now, as well!
If ye don't, be the powers,
In sunshine or in showers,
Me poor ghost will forever yer cruelty tell!

Yes! I'm sure, little beauty,
That ye think it yer duty
To save any poor mortal from death and de-
spair.
(But to show that I know her,
Let me add something lower:
That I think, faith, her duty is aisy to bear!)

Great Captains.

BRUCE.

THE DELIVERER OF SCOTLAND.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

If in Wallace liberty found her most de-
voted champion, in Robert Bruce she had
a worthy successor to the murdered knight, whose
mutilated limbs, hung high in Scottish towns,
were the bloody emblems that recalled the Scots
to arms and made Bruce's advancement possi-
ble.

Robert Bruce was grandson of the Robert
Bruce who, as descendant of King David, strove
to succeed Alexander III. to the throne of
Scotland. As already narrated in the sketch
of Wallace, King Edward of England was
made to arbitrate between the claims of John
Baliol, Robert Bruce, John de Hastings and
John Comyn, (Comyn). Edward arbitrated
by favoring Baliol and holding him prisoner in
London while the English overran Scotland
and finally conquered it. In the discussion
which arose among the Scottish nobles and
magnates, Bruce the elder opposed rebellion,
and took service, with his retainers, under Ed-
ward—thus being opposed to Wallace; and
legend relates that, after the defeat of the
patriots at Falkirk and their dispersion, Bruce
and Wallace held an interview across the river
Carron, in which the latter so upbraided the
former and so filled him with remorse, that
Bruce promised thenceforward to be true to
Scotland and liberty. But, whatever the
cause, it is certain that the Bruce, at immense
sacrifice, threw all their influence and power
thereafter into the cause of freeing Scotland
from the English yoke; and when Edward ad-
ministered the blow to the "rebellion" which
placed Scotland once more at his feet, he re-
turned to London. (A. D. 1305.) With John
Comyn and Robert Bruce the younger in his
train as prisoners and dependants on his mercy,
while Wallace was being hunted down and be-
trayed. Comyn, soon released, returned to
Scotland, but Bruce was forbidden to leave
London.

The conqueror's victory was short lived.
Bruce, (born March 21st, 1274), now in the
prime of life and of matured character, already
had plotted with Comyn. By agreement the
latter was to accept all of Bruce's estates, and
for them to resign all claims to the throne, as
well as to support him in his efforts to attain
the crown and throw off the English yoke.
But with perfidious treachery, Comyn betrayed
to Edward, by a secret agent, the designs for a
new rebellion; and the English monarch then
resolved to murder the whole Bruce family.
Drinking deeply one night, Edward informed
some of his lords that he proposed to put
Bruce to death on the morrow. Immediately
the Earl of Gloucester conveyed the announce-
ment to Bruce by a present of twelve pence
and a pair of spurs, an understood signal,
which the Scotch noble acted upon to ride for
life for Scotland. Taking his horse to the far-
rier, he had the shoes on the hoofs reversed, as
a slight fall of snow would make it easy to
track him; this ruse so misled his pursuers
that he succeeded in obtaining such advantage
at the start as to assure his safety. Then with
his secretary and groom he rode a hard race
for the North, and on the seventh day after
leaving London arrived at Lochmaben Castle
and thence proceeded to Dumfries, where he
assembled the leading nobles and declared his
purpose to assume the crown and strike again
for Scotland's liberty. Comyn was present
and opposed the scheme but the barons ap-
proved and the assembly broke up, leaving
Bruce and Comyn in conference. The rivals
had high words as they wandered through the
cloisters of the Abbey, where the conference
had been held, and in the altercation Bruce ran
his sword through the body of his
traitor.

This assassination excited intense com-
motion. Comyn's friends were openly hostile to
Bruce; some of the barons preferred submis-
sion to Edward to war, and Bruce's friends,
seeing the necessity for prompt action, had him
crowned at Scone, March 25th, 1306—the wife of
Macduff, Earl of Fife, placing the crown on
his head.

Then followed war. Edward sent an army
under Pembroke, immediately into Scotland.
The first battle was fought at Methven, near
Perth, and Bruce was utterly defeated. He
fought with astonishing valor, three horses
were killed under him and twice he was over-
powered and seized by the English but as often

was rescued by his valorous attendants. The
defeat became a rout, and that seemed to end
the ambitious designs and hopes of the new
made king. Great numbers of the Scots were
hung and quartered, while others were sent as
state prisoners to London. Bruce fled North
into Argyleshire, and crossed Lochmorn, in a
crazy boat, to the exiled Earl of Lennox's es-
tates. The old earl, then first apprised of
what had happened, embraced the cause of
Bruce and together they eventually escaped to
Rachrin, a small island on the Irish coast,
where his followers, fleeing from Edward's dire
vengeance, slowly gathered.

Edward in person quickly entered Scotland,
resolved now to subjugate it, and so to pun-
ish the rebellious families as to forever end
rebellion. He acted with extreme cruelty.
All who were suspected of complicity with
Bruce, or who were known to be in sympathy
with his cause, were executed as soon as taken
—among the number two of Bruce's brothers,
and John Wallace, brother of the martyred
Sir William. Bruce's wife and other noble
ladies were captured and closely imprisoned in
various places.

These atrocities fired Bruce and his remain-
ing devoted followers with fierce resentment.
A detachment passed over to the island of Arran
and captured and slaughtered every man of its
garrison. Then Bruce followed to Arran and
Carrick, joined by the hardy Scots in consid-
erable numbers when his presence was known.
Sir James Douglas captured his own castle
from the English, and taking from it all its
stores, arms and money, put it to the flames.
Even the severity of winter, (1306-7), did not
stay the work of vengeance. Bruce's men were
everywhere on the alert and so gained in
strength that he defeated two English armies
during 1307, and thus greatly advanced his
cause.

Edward, suffering from illness, had been
compelled to return to London for a season,
but his power and resolute spirit, incensed at
the defeat of Pembroke and Ralph de Mon-
thermer he started again for the North, but
died (A. D. 1307) near Carlisle. With his last
breath he ordered that his body should be borne
with the army into Scotland, never to be buried
until the country was totally subdued, but his
son Edward II. had the body sent to London
while he pressed on into Scotland.

Edward II. was a weak and vacillating prince,
wholly unlike his more hardened father, whose
death gave new strength to Bruce. The Eng-
lish and Scots fought numerous battles and a
great victory to the latter was won May 22,
1308—Bruce then being so ill that he had to be
held on his horse. This only added to the Scots'
enthusiasm, and Bruce now began to proceed
against the castles thickly scattered over all
central and southern Scotland, held by English
garrisons or by Scotch barons who had re-
mained true to Edward's allegiance, and who
having sworn fealty would not break it, or
being inimical to Bruce's assumptions, would
not admit his authority. Indeed, these barons
were his hardest enemies to conquer, for in
fighting them he fought his own countrymen.
But he had no recourse, and struck terrible
blows wherever an enemy opposed.

It is not possible here to detail the sieges,
contests, and general battles which filled up all
the months up to the great struggle at Bannock-
burn, June 24, 1314. Suffice it that it was
seven years of the bloodiest warfare, literally
written over with heroic personal achievements
and signal events in the history of that exciting
period. The Pope interfered to effect a peace;
he threatened, persuaded, excommunicated
Bruce, who would accept no terms that did not
acknowledge Scotland's complete independence
and formally acknowledge England's abjura-
tion of all claims to sovereignty.

So the war went on. England was invaded
again and again in all the northern counties.
Estates were devastated, towns sacked and
plundered, contributions levied, and thus the
beggared and long suffering lords wreaked
vengeance on a helpless people for the sins of
their monarch.

These reprisals, carried up to the very gates
of York, compelled Edward II. to make one
more herculean effort to crush Bruce and force
the Scotch barons to allegiance. So, gathering
an army, drawn from Wales, Ireland and every
town in England, the King and his very ablest
commanders marched into Scotland. Bruce,
with his superb warrior brother Edward, and
the invincible Douglas, and a host of tried, true
hearts, awaited his coming by taking position
near Stirling Castle, in a field through which
flowed the little stream of Bannock—the Ban-
nock-burn, and there fought the battle which
ended in Edward's total defeat and Scotland's
disenthralment. It was a battle in which man
fought with man—Scott against Englishman,
Welshman, Irishman—horse against horse and
chief against chief. Bruce the king was every
inch a king—a fit leader for heroes, and the
deeds of that day of battle and his might will
forever be glorious in the annals of war.

The disaster was complete. The Welsh and
Irish, scattered over the country, were butchered
wherever found. The English took refuge
among the rocks and hills around Stirling only
to be taken. Stirling Castle soon yielded with
all its wealth of stores, arms and royal property.
The privy-sal of England was there, for Ed-
ward had counted upon its use. It fell into
Bruce's hands.

Edward Bruce and the great Douglas at once
entered England and ravaged the northern
counties, making all desolate on their path. It
was a rough age and war meant brutality in
many shapes. These incursions and ravages
continued—the English only acting on the de-
fensive in their fortified towns.

The Irish of Ulster, encouraged by these
successes of the Scots, now rose in rebellion
(1315), and invited the valorous Edward Bruce
to become their king. He assented and passed
over to Carrickfergus (May 25, 1315) with 6000
Scots. It was an ambitious adventure for a
kingdom. The Irish were an untrained, in-
tractable race, whose chiefs were insolent and
capricious, but they were of dauntless courage
and were inflamed with fierce hatred of their
English conquerors, who possessed the country
and held the natives in a condition of serfdom.
Edward met with stubborn opposition from the
English lords, and the war was waged with un-
sparing severity on both sides for three years,
when Edward was defeated and slain at the
memorable battle of Dundalk (1318). Robert
was near at hand with an army for his succor
but retired on news of the disaster, which ended
the "Scotch invasion."

Robert's progress in England was stayed by
the almost impregnable castle of Berwick, but
this finally succumbed to Scotch valor (March
28, 1318). Other English strongholds now
quickly fell into his hands, and the Scots over-
ran Yorkshire, burning towns, extorting large
ransoms, plundering and making prisoners al-
most at will.

The king of England besought the Pope of
Rome to use his authority over Bruce and
compel a peace. Bruce was excommunicated,
but, though he sent messengers to Rome, to
appease the Pope, he fought the English all the
same, and Edward had to make another effort

to overcome his enterprising and audacious
enemy. With a powerful army he marched
upon Berwick castle and town (Sept., 1318),
then held by Walter, steward of Scotland, reas-
son long siege and defense were of relentless sever-
ity. Walter's intrepidity, and the endurance
of his small garrison, resisted every device and
attack; but, seeing that the place must fall un-
less relieved, Bruce sent Douglas and Randolph,
with a strong force, down into the country,
making awful devastation. This incursion so
alarmed the lords in Edward's army, for the
safety of their own estates, that they left Ber-
wick and proceeded against the raiders, thus
compelling Edward to abandon the siege or run
the risk of Bruce's own onslaught upon him.

A truce of short duration—then another in-
vasion (1322), from which the Scots returned
with "extraordinary booty." Edward retaliated
by invading Scotland (August, 1322), and
penetrated to Edinburgh, but found every means
of subsistence removed, so that his army suffer-
ed for food and he returned, burning several
abbeys and slaughtering their monks as his only
revenge. Douglas pursued and by a very dar-
ing act came near seizing Edward at Byland
Abbey. The English monarch barely escaped,
but left all his baggage and treasure in the
Scots' hands.

Edward now agreed to a truce of Bruce's
own dictation, in which the Scot was first re-
cognized as King of Scotland. This truce was
to hold until June, 1336.

Edward, deposed early in the year 1327, was
succeeded by his son Edward III. a youth of
fifteen, who continued negotiations for a perma-
nent peace, but the Scots for several years
broke the truce, and with an army of 20,000
under Douglas and Randolph, invaded England
(June, 1327). Edward gathered 30,000 men at
Durham, in July, but that did not stay the de-
vastating Scots, who destroyed as they moved.
Edward sought to interrupt them at the passage
of the Tyne, on their return, but, after an ex-
hausting campaign of three weeks, he found
himself completely outwitted and baffled by
his audacious foe, who, after having inflicted
on him two or three humiliating chastisements,
suddenly retreated and left him helpless to
pursue.

Edward was finally forced into a peace that
conceded all the Scots' demands of utter inde-
pendence, and also stipulated the marriage of
Edward's sister with Bruce's oldest son; but then in-
fant son David, and this marriage was celebra-
ted July 12, 1328.

Bruce survived until June 7, 1329, when he
died, literally worn out with war. He left
Scotland a well-ordered kingdom, wholly free
from foreign supremacy and rapidly recovering
from the effects of its twenty years' war.

Bruce stands foremost in the history of those
turbulent times as one of the most renowned
characters of medieval days. His heart he or-
dered should be deposited in the Holy Sepulcher
at Jerusalem, and the knightly Douglas with a
fine retinue, started to bear it to its destina-
tion, but, stopping in Spain to fight the Moors,
he was slain in a bloody encounter on the fron-
tiers of Andalusia, 1380. In him perished a
remarkable soldier and one of the most daunt-
less spirits of the age of chivalry.

LOVE FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY L. C. WEST.

I never saw a flower, beautiful in bloom,
In wildwood or florist's garden grown,
Blushing at morn, or brightest in the evening
gloom,
But I would wish to pluck it for my own.

I never saw a maiden, in her beauty sweet,
In modest girlhood's radiant glory dressed,
But quickened pulses of my heart with pleasure
best,
And I would wish to fold her to my breast.

I never saw a picture, beautiful and grand,
A truthful product of Creative Art,
But to the genius who wrought thus with mas-
ter hand,
Spontaneous gratitude welled from my heart.

I never read a poet's song, of sacred flame,
Transcendent beyond all mortal drive,
But an enraptured soul my passive soul be-
came,
And I would wish such gift to sing was mine.

As more I see, and love, in Nature and in Art,
The beautiful increases a desire,
That grace rare may spring forth blooming to
my heart—
To holiness my being may aspire.

The Gamin Detective:

OR,

Willful Will, the Boy Clerk.

A Story of the Centennial City.

BY CHARLES MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "NOBODY'S BOY," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

NO ANSWER.

An old, well-dressed and fine-faced gentle-
man called at Mr. Leonard's store, and stood
looking irresolutely down the long floor, as if
in doubt whom to address. A salesman approach-
ed, supposing him to be a customer.

"What can I do for you, sir?" he asked.
"I came to inquire about a boy you have en-
gaged here. I believe you have a boy?"
"Yes, sir. I hope there is nothing wrong
about him? Has he been a mischievous?"
"No, no. Just the contrary. Is he in?"
"Somewhere. He will be here in a minute."
"What kind of a boy is he, sir? You ask if
he had been in mischief. Is he inclined that
way?"

"I rather think he is," said the salesman,
smiling. "He is the queerest specimen I ever
came across. I would as soon try to tame a
wild-cat as to keep Will out of mischief. There
he is now. I will send him to you."

Will came readily to the aid of the salesman,
who directed him to his visitor.

"Want to see me?" asked Will, demurely,
looking curiously at the old man.

"Yes, my lad," was the reply. "You ran
away so quickly the other day that I had no
time to thank you for your kindness."

"I twig you now," said Will, vigorously.
"You're the old chap I picked up from under
the car-wheels. Glad to see you ag'in, but dun-
no how the thunder you found me."

"I was not going to lose sight of you. I had
a boy to follow you."

"You had, hey! Well, that's fun. Wish I'd
seen that boy."

"What for?"
"Just to play Hail Columbia on his hide,
that's all. Don't you know he's a spotter in
the streets. But he wouldn't eat no
supper that night if I'd cooched him."

"You are a queer boy. But I am bound to
reward you for your kindness. You must
come to my house. I want to have a talk with
you."

"Ain't got no notion of being talked to death,"
said Will. "Let's have it here."

"No," said the old gentleman, decidedly. "I
cannot interfere with Mr. Leonard's business.
Here is my card. I hope you will call on me
this evening."

"Don't bother yourself 'bout business. Reck-

on I'm my own boss here. You won't stay?
Well, I'll toddle home your way, then. Cur-
ious to hear what you've got to say."

"What is your name, my lad?"

"Willful Will is what folks generally call
me. I s'pose that's name enough. What's
yourn?"

"My name is John Somers."

"Hanged if the old chap ain't got the same
name as I have," said Will to himself. "I best
keep shady. He'll be wanting to let on to be a
relation, and I ain't taking on any new relations
just now."

"Well, I'll swim round your way some time
afore long," he said, aloud. "Live out Arch
street, hey? That's grander."

"I am wealthy, my lad, and alone in the
world. I try to do some little good with my
money. I owe you a debt of gratitude which I
wish to repay."

"All right. I'm your boss," said Will, ener-
getically. "Don't want no gratitude, and nothin'
else I don't earn with my fingers and toes.
But I'll get round just to see how you live."

After some few words, the old man lay-
ing under the car-wheels? Strikes me there's some
sell behind all this. Folks don't put themselves
in such trouble for nothing. He's an old rogue
and wants to get something out of me, I'll bet a
cove. He's heered my name and wants to let on
to be a relation. Shouldn't wonder if the old
chap was a burglar. I've seed jist such things
played at the theater. Anyhow I'll go see him
and pump him dry. I'll let him see that Will-
ful Will ain't to be bought with nobody's tin
figs."

Will went reflectively back to his work.
At the same hour that Will was holding this
interview with the grateful old gentleman,
John Elkton was holding an interview of anoth-
er character with his betrothed.

He had received a brief note from her that
morning, vaguely detailing the suspicions in
regard to her silken bow, and asking him to
meet her.

The letter had produced a strong effect on his
mind. He read it again and again, the mystery
remaining unexplained to him. He could only
understand that he had been accused of some
crime.

"What does it mean, Jennie?" he asked.
"Your note is as mysterious as a Sphinx.
Have I committed some deadly and forgotten
crime?"

"It is in relation to this," she replied, holding
out the perilous bow. "It is claimed that this
silk was stolen, and they suspect you of being
implicated."

"Who claims so? Who suspects me?" he
cried, hotly.

"Mr. Leonard declares most positively that
it is a piece of some silk that has just been stolen
from him."

"What hindlers there being plenty such silk
in the city?"

"There is not. It is a new pattern, just im-
ported by him, and stolen from the custom house
by false papers."

"This is a strange story you tell me, Jennie,"
he said, leaning his head reflectively on his
hand. "You told Mr. Leonard that I gave you
the silk?"

"I did not," she broke out, impulsively. "I
refused to tell him. I suffered torments when I
heard this terrible story, heard doubts cast on
you. I acted strangely; refused bitterly to an-
swer him. I do not know why he thought. He
did not seem to suspect you."

"Who did, then?" asked her lover, looking
intently into her eyes.

It was his confidential clerk, Mr. Augustus
Wilson. I have had a distressing interview with
him. He accuses you openly of theft, and says
that he has convincing proofs against you."

"He lies, then," cried John, indignantly.
"I defy him to his proofs. Did he tell you
what they were?"

"No. He promised to conceal, or destroy
them, if I wished."

"Promised! It was only a promise!"
"A promise with a proviso. I was, if I
would save you, to break our engagement, to
accept his love, to promise to be his wife."

"Well, that's cool!" said John, with a long
breath. "I'm to be thrown overboard it seems.
And of course you felt great pity and consid-
eration for me, and wanted to save me, and saw
no way to do it but by accepting this desirable
offer!"

His tones were full of bitterness.
She laid her hand on his lips with a touch
that was almost a blow. Indignation flamed in
to her face.

"Took me serious in that question?" she
cried. "You cannot think so meanly of me!
Accept him! I rejected him with the scorn his
base offer deserved. I told him that Jennie
Arlington was not for sale, however high the
price offered."

"That's my own Jennie," he replied, kissing
her burning lips. "I knew how you would an-
swer such a suit."

"Yet I did it with a horrible fear at my heart
—a fear that he had the proofs, that he would
about him? Has he been a mischievous?"

"No, no. Just the contrary. Is he in?"
"Somewhere. He will be here in a minute."

"What kind of a boy is he, sir? You ask if
he had been in mischief. Is he inclined that
way?"

"I rather think he is," said the salesman,
smiling. "He is the queerest specimen I ever
came across. I would as soon try to tame a
wild-cat as to keep Will out of mischief. There
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the car-wheels. Glad to see you ag'in, but dun-
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"I was not going to lose sight of you. I had
a boy to follow you."

"You had, hey! Well, that's fun. Wish I'd
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"What for?"
"Just to play Hail Columbia on his hide,
that's all. Don't you know he's a spotter in
the streets. But he wouldn't eat no
supper that night if I'd cooched him."

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come to my house. I want to have a talk with
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said Will. "Let's have it here."

"No," said the old gentleman, decidedly. "I
cannot interfere with Mr. Leonard's business.
Here is my card. I hope you will call on me
this evening."

"Don't bother yourself 'bout business. Reck-

A warm pressure of her hand, a look of infi-
nite gratitude in his eyes, was his only answer.
He had still another interview that afternoon.

It was after Jennie was well on her way home,
and he had returned to his office duties, that his
name was called in the store, and he was in-
formed that a gentleman had asked to see him.

He went out. The person who advanced to
meet him was a stranger; a slender, sharp-eyed
man.

"Mr. Elkton?" he asked, with a keen look at
John's face.

"That is my name," was the reply.
"I wish a few words with you," he said, lead-
ing out of hearing of the salesman.

"I shall be happy to oblige you in any way,"
said John, "but excuse me for hoping that you
will be brief, as I am quite busy."

"I will not detain you long," said the other,
"but will to my business at once. You know a
lady named Miss Arlington?"

"Yes," replied John, wondering.
"You lately presented her with a small piece
of silk, of a peculiar pattern?"

"Well, sir, to what do these questions tend?"
asked John, reddening.

"Only that I would be glad to have you in-
form me where you got that silk."

"Suppose I decline to inform you?"
"I hope you will not," replied the other, cool-
ly, "as in that case I shall be obliged to put you
to personal inconvenience."

"Who are you?" asked John.
"My name is Fidler," replied the other. "I
am a detective officer. I have to inform you
that the silk in question was stolen. I hope
and believe that you can satisfactorily explain
your possession of it. But I shall require you
to do so."

"I can, but not at present."
"It must be done at present."

"Must is a strong term, Mr. Fidler. I decline
to be governed by it."

"Which means that you will not explain.
Or else that you cannot. Your refusal gives
me a disagreeable duty, Mr. Elkton."

"Which is?" replied John, coolly.
"To arrest you, on a criminal charge," said
Mr. Fidler, laying his hand heavily on John's
shoulder.

CHAPTER XIV.

WILL'S REVELATION.

It was Jennie Arlington's first trouble, and it
was a deep one. She was proud, in her way;
that rare pride which shrinks from disgrace as
from a pestilence, yet is conjoined with a ster-
ling honesty that clings to the right, even through
disgrace.

She had suffered deeply, from the moment of
discovering that her lover was, in some strange
way, open to suspicion. Her weak effort to
conceal the truth from her guardian had been
followed by Mr. Wilson's accusation of her
lover, and his insulting suit.

Following this was John Elkton's own strange
manner, and his positive refusal to explain his
possession of the silk.

The mystery deepened and darkened with
every new development, and the poor girl's
heart throbbed with painful suspense as she
thought over the many sad possibilities that lay
in the future.

Yet with it all she lost no faith in her lover's
truth and honesty. She had come from their
last meeting convinced of his innocence, though
aware that he was in some way involved in sus-
picion, and trembling lest he should find less fa-
vorable interpreters of his silence than herself.

Her life, so far, had been sunny, and this sud-
den descent into the shadow of a great cloud
was doubly hard to bear. But there were in
her nature powers which had never yet been
developed, and which rose within her to meet
this crisis in her life. That nature is only half
developed on which the hand of sorrow has ne-
ver been laid.

She sat brooding in the library, looking out
over the bright June flowers in the garden, yet
seeing only shadow there

jail. Down in Moya. Took up for smuggling out of the Custom House."

Sick at heart on hearing this sudden confirmation of her worst fears, Jennie staggered back to her chair, seating herself heavily, as if a great weight had been laid upon her shoulders. Will looked on in unthought surprise, a faint suspicion struggling through his brain that he had gone too far. The mysteries of the female heart were an unsolved problem to him, and he had not dreamed that he might be touching exposed nerves with his rude remarks. A revulsion came upon him as he saw her sink back, pale and helpless, in her chair.

"Why, Jennie," he cried, with a show of emotion, "hope I haven't hurt your feelings? Didn't calculate that you keered that much for the man. Don't be so worried. Guess he'll come out all right."

"Is it really so?" she asked, in a low, frightened tone. "Is he really in prison?"

"Yes," said Will. "But he won't stay there, so don't you worry. We'll get him out. I'll go bail for him myself."

She smiled sadly at Will's idea of going bail. "Now hold your head up, Jennie," said Will, putting his arm round her with a movement of boyish sympathy. "It's a pity I hadn't better sense; a fellow that's been around like me. But I've been kicked up among boys. Dunno much about gals."

"There, Will, I do not blame you," she said, rising with a proud gesture, as if she had thrown off all weakness. He is innocent. I know that. It is not possible that innocence can suffer the penalty of guilt."

"I know he is, and I'll clear him. Just leave it to me."

"Why, how will you do that?" she doubtfully asked.

"Think I've got my eye on the chap that's been goin' through Mr. Leonard. Got the trap set, but it ain't sprung yet. Think I'll catch an old fox in a tight trap."

"Is that so, Will?" Miss Arlington eagerly asked. "When do you expect?"

"Never mind now," was Will's mysterious answer. "There's more than one in it. Been spotting them for some time. Bet I bring them up with a half-hitch."

"Does Mr. Leonard know of your suspicions?"

"Not he. Nor nobody else 'cept Willful Will. That's not the way I carry on business. When I take a job in hand I don't want no pards. I know they've got a notion that I'm mixed in it myself, and I know who set up that job. If I don't prove him a liar, it's queer."

"You will? They don't suspect you of being leagued with the robbers?"

"Think they do, but they've got the wrong cove by the horns. Don't you worry about John Elkton. There won't be no harm come to him. Didn't know you was so tied up in him or I wouldn't joke about him the way I did."

"Why, Will, you weren't making love in earnest then?" she said, with a look of concern.

"Now you know I wasn't, Jennie; so don't be poking fun at me. When I make love in earnest I'll go a different way about it."

"I would like to be by."

"Hope you won't, for I ain't in love with you. Like you though, Jennie, first-rate. There's something keeps pulling me to you. Guess it's 'cause you look like me. Anyhow, I'm goin' to take John Elkton out of jail, or it'll be queer."

"I hope you may be able," she said, seriously. Will's confident manner gave her hope despite her better judgment.

"I never said a thing I didn't do, and I won't go back on this," said Will, with an earnest and assured air that gave her new hope.

The boy was energetic, honest, and shrewd, and his early life might have given him much experience of the criminal classes. He might then not be talking without warrant, and she felt herself leaning with great faith upon his promise.

"Guess I'd better be going now," said Will. "My time's up."

In ten minutes more, his errand completed, he was on his way back to the store.

"Mighty nice gal. Ain't many like her," he said to himself. "I'm just the feller to do what I can for her. Hope John Elkton ain't mixed with the gang. Don't think he is. Seen him the other day, and he's got an honest man's face. That goes for a good deal these days."

CHAPTER XV.

WILL VISITS MR. SOMERS.

"I WOULD have preferred to have kept this matter quiet," said Mr. Fidler, the officer. "But that cannot be done now. The robbery of the cloths is public property, and the arrest of John Elkton has made the affair of the silks as public."

"And he still refuses to tell where he got the piece which he gave my ward?" asked Mr. Leonard, anxiously.

"Yes. We cannot get a word from him about it."

"That has a very suspicious look," said Mr. Wilson. "The man could have no object in screening robbers unless he hopes to save himself by it."

"He won't save himself," said the officer, sharply. "It looks more like the old principle of honor among thieves."

"And you have no other trace?" asked Mr. Leonard.

"Nothing as yet. The rogues have covered up their track well."

"You still think it is some one in the store?" asked Wilson.

"The work could not have been done without an accomplice here. Have you gained any new ideas about it?"

"I am still more doubtful about that boy," said Wilson. "There has been a suspicious-looking old man here to see him."

"Ah!" said Mr. Fidler, interested. "Was he known, or was any effort made to follow him?"

"No. I was not here."

"If he comes again he must be spotted. I don't believe that boy is implicated, but we cannot afford to trust anybody."

"Why not follow the boy then?" suggested Mr. Leonard. "His places of resort and associates should be known."

"A good idea," replied the officer. "I will put it in practice."

"You had best arrest and examine him," said Mr. Wilson. "The truth may be frightened out of him."

"Frighten him?" cried the officer. "Frighten that boy? I see you don't know him yet. Our only hope is to take him unawares. All the magistrates in the land could not make him tell what he was not disposed to."

"I think you are right," said Mr. Leonard. "He may be coaxed. There is no driving him."

"Has anything fresh turned up?" asked the officer. "Any new raid on your dry-goods?"

"Nothing. We have had no new stuffs in lately. I expect to have some in next week and will see that they are watched."

"You may save yourself the trouble. They won't be touched," said the officer, decisively. "There has been too much stir about the last for the thieves to move again so soon."

"I agree with you in that," said Wilson. "They won't be touched."

"How about the investigation of your books?" asked Mr. Fidler. "Did you trace any loss?"

"Yes. There have been several robberies committed before. Three or four at least. Perhaps a dozen."

"Ah! That is important. Running how long?"

"Over a year."

"That changes the aspect of things. Have all your employees been with you that long?"

"All except Will."

"That fact seems to clear Will. There will be no harm in watching him, though. I suppose you have received hundreds of invoices in that time?"

"Yes."

"Then the robbers are choice in their operations. They don't make a raid on every invoice. I judge from that that you expect now would not be disturbed, even if there had been no discovery."

"I quite agree with you there," said Mr. Wil-

son. "They will wait till our vigilance is relaxed."

Mr. Fidler leaned back in his chair, looking closely at Wilson as he spoke.

This intent observation of persons was a habit of his. It seemed to be called forth now by Mr. Wilson's decided settling of how the thieves would act. His tone had been very positive.

"I guess it is very likely you are right," said the officer, carelessly.

They were interrupted by the opening of the door, and the abrupt entrance of Will into the room.

He laid a small package on the table.

"Mr. Thompson says that's all correct," he said, nodding familiarly to the officer.

"Very well," answered Mr. Leonard.

"He wants to know, what's more, what stuff you feed your messengers on, that makes them so slippery of the tongue."

"You have been giving him some impudence, Will," said Mr. Leonard.

"Not a bit. I never give impudence," said Will, indignantly. "I just awakened some of them up a trifle. They was loafing over other things, you see, and keeping me waiting. Now that weren't my idee of business, and I didn't stop long to say so."

"What had you say to them?" asked Wilson.

"I told them that if they thought I was goin' to hang round cooling my shins waitin' on them, they'd spent their money for the wrong monkey, that was all. But I didn't give no impudence."

"You came very near it, then," said Wilson.

"Business is about done up for to-night, and I've got some of my own to tend to. Anything agin' my gettin' off early?" asked Will.

"No. You can go," said Mr. Leonard.

"That's clever. Want to call on my uncle," replied Will, with an odd look, as he left the room.

"There is some hidden meaning in that last remark," said the officer, rising.

Only that object! No wonder the high-blooded gentleman stood stupefied, his wrath evaporating before the vision of his abject foe as completely as if that foe were petticoats, and glared defiance at him through woman's eyes!

But the miserable being whose rags, emaciation, pallor and haggardness had thus smothered every emotion in his victim save astonishment, seemed gradually to tower up and swell out into the formidable proportions of some supernatural Avenger, whose blood-injected orbs flashed horror to the heart, while through his glittering teeth, exposed in a demonic smile between foam-flecked lips, hissed forth words which would have struck dismay to the soul of Victor Valrose had he been on the pinnacle of earthly power and triumph, or on his death-bed, drawing his last breath.

"Ah!" exclaimed the dreadful creature, in clation tones. "You never thought of me being called to account by JONAS KERCHEVAL, did you?"

Valrose staggered back, seemingly far more stunned than by the blow; he glared at the wail, a livid pallor growing through the crimson blood that now streaked his cheek and dripped horribly upon his elegant evening dress; and as his affrighted scrutiny gradually traced through all the rags of the countenance which gnashed its venomful fury before him, the once beloved and noble lineaments of his ancient friend, he put his shaking hands across his blinded eyes, and groaned, "My Sin—my Sin has found me out!"

Berthold stood by speechless, unnerved; had this outrage taken place anywhere but under the eyes of Cordelia, his almost omnipotent mastery would have ended it ere an eye had turned that way, but with the consciousness that she was looking down on this awful punishment of the man whom she had loved enough to purchase his life with her own—She, the tender, the exquisite—She for whose sweet sake Herman Kercheval was now willing to give up his own life—for once he was helpless, shorn of all his strength, and stunned to find so. Useless as any of the rest of the bystanders, who were now crowding around the singular pair, he stood looking on, now at the ancient friend, now at Cordelia, from whose wild face the veil had dropped, and who leaned far over the balcony rail, her arms convulsively reaching toward her beloved Colonel Valrose and the terrible creature in whom she had instantly, with awful precision, recognized her father, Jonas Kercheval.

All that had been narrated of this scene passed in an inconceivably short space of time, so that the spectators had hardly time to take in the fact that a tramp had struck a gentleman in the face, covering it with blood, when the gentleman was striding up to his insult, his two delicately-gloved hands stretched out in earnest kindness to clasp the rough, browned, fleshless claws which were rubbing each other in open triumph; the next movement wrung a cry of outraged indignation from all, accompanied by a thrilling shriek from the lady in the rustic armor.

The tramp repeated his blow, felling the gentleman to the ground.

Berthold awoke. It was time. She was among them on her knees beside the senseless colonel.

"The man is mad, secure him! I shall attend to him," he flung to those who were already endeavoring to overpower Kercheval, who struggled and tore with superhuman strength; then he bent over Cordelia, saying in a rushing half whisper in her ear:

"For your mother's sake, who has not yet seen this, control yourself; he is only stunned, not seriously injured. I shall see that he is well cared for. Go to your mother, and hide this from her."

He was wise to appeal to the devoted daughter's care for either one of her parents. She heard his adjuration amid all the hurry and horror of her emotions, and comprehended what he had said.

Perhaps no other voice on earth could have reached her then; his did, and for a reason so wildly startling and unexpected that the girl sprang to her feet and seized the German with the grip of a drowning person. In his desperate anxiety, his tone, his accent, his very accompanying gesture, (grasping her arm midway between the shoulder and the elbow), had unwittingly reproduced the voice and gesture of that occasion, when, in the Arabian Desert, he had impressed upon her in the farewell, to have courage in her darkest hour!

"For God's sake," she gasped, also, in his ear, for the music was pealing on like destiny through all the tragedy, "who ARE YOU? Have I not met you before?"

The German's magnetic orbs poured a sudden overpowering stream of intelligence into hers. For a second he panted heavily, looking at her as if he would devour her, but he conquered himself, and with the usual inscrutable gravity led her a few steps on her way toward her mother, saying with admirable composure and earnestness:

"Your overstrained feelings may run away with your usual fortitude, unless you sternly control them, Miss; the moment is come for you to play a heroine's part toward your unfortunate mother. Go with her; she has looked her last on Victor Valrose."

"And I," shuddered Cordelia, losing her personal interests instantly, as under the

WHEN I AM DEAD.

BY M. A. WARNER.

Shed not a tear above my bier,
Ye false, false friends—or bow the head:
I ask no hypocritical tear
When I am dead, when I am dead.

One look of love, one word of cheer,
Is worth more tears than you can shed.
So, if you scorn me while I'm here,
Pray stay away, when I am dead.

But you, fond friends, who love me here,
Then gather round my lowly bier,
And sing one song of love and cheer
When I am dead, when I am dead.

Then bear me gently to the tomb,
And plant sweet violets o'er my head;
'Tis all my love requires of thee
When I am dead, when I am dead.

The Red Cross;

OR,

The Mystery of Warren-Guilerland.

A ROMANCE OF THE ACCURSED COINS.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A GREAT JOY AND SORROW.

COLONEL VALROSE, half stunned by the fury of the blow, staggered back a step, then rallying, looked through the blood which was trickling from the wound cut on his forehead by the seal ring on his assailant's hand, to see who had thus insulted him.

Only that object! No wonder the high-blooded gentleman stood stupefied, his wrath evaporating before the vision of his abject foe as completely as if that foe were petticoats, and glared defiance at him through woman's eyes!

But the miserable being whose rags, emaciation, pallor and haggardness had thus smothered every emotion in his victim save astonishment, seemed gradually to tower up and swell out into the formidable proportions of some supernatural Avenger, whose blood-injected orbs flashed horror to the heart, while through his glittering teeth, exposed in a demonic smile between foam-flecked lips, hissed forth words which would have struck dismay to the soul of Victor Valrose had he been on the pinnacle of earthly power and triumph, or on his death-bed, drawing his last breath.

"Ah!" exclaimed the dreadful creature, in clation tones. "You never thought of me being called to account by JONAS KERCHEVAL, did you?"

Valrose staggered back, seemingly far more stunned than by the blow; he glared at the wail, a livid pallor growing through the crimson blood that now streaked his cheek and dripped horribly upon his elegant evening dress; and as his affrighted scrutiny gradually traced through all the rags of the countenance which gnashed its venomful fury before him, the once beloved and noble lineaments of his ancient friend, he put his shaking hands across his blinded eyes, and groaned, "My Sin—my Sin has found me out!"

Berthold stood by speechless, unnerved; had this outrage taken place anywhere but under the eyes of Cordelia, his almost omnipotent mastery would have ended it ere an eye had turned that way, but with the consciousness that she was looking down on this awful punishment of the man whom she had loved enough to purchase his life with her own—She, the tender, the exquisite—She for whose sweet sake Herman Kercheval was now willing to give up his own life—for once he was helpless, shorn of all his strength, and stunned to find so. Useless as any of the rest of the bystanders, who were now crowding around the singular pair, he stood looking on, now at the ancient friend, now at Cordelia, from whose wild face the veil had dropped, and who leaned far over the balcony rail, her arms convulsively reaching toward her beloved Colonel Valrose and the terrible creature in whom she had instantly, with awful precision, recognized her father, Jonas Kercheval.

All that had been narrated of this scene passed in an inconceivably short space of time, so that the spectators had hardly time to take in the fact that a tramp had struck a gentleman in the face, covering it with blood, when the gentleman was striding up to his insult, his two delicately-gloved hands stretched out in earnest kindness to clasp the rough, browned, fleshless claws which were rubbing each other in open triumph; the next movement wrung a cry of outraged indignation from all, accompanied by a thrilling shriek from the lady in the rustic armor.

The tramp repeated his blow, felling the gentleman to the ground.

Berthold awoke. It was time. She was among them on her knees beside the senseless colonel.

"The man is mad, secure him! I shall attend to him," he flung to those who were already endeavoring to overpower Kercheval, who struggled and tore with superhuman strength; then he bent over Cordelia, saying in a rushing half whisper in her ear:

"For your mother's sake, who has not yet seen this, control yourself; he is only stunned, not seriously injured. I shall see that he is well cared for. Go to your mother, and hide this from her."

He was wise to appeal to the devoted daughter's care for either one of her parents. She heard his adjuration amid all the hurry and horror of her emotions, and comprehended what he had said.

Perhaps no other voice on earth could have reached her then; his did, and for a reason so wildly startling and unexpected that the girl sprang to her feet and seized the German with the grip of a drowning person. In his desperate anxiety, his tone, his accent, his very accompanying gesture, (grasping her arm midway between the shoulder and the elbow), had unwittingly reproduced the voice and gesture of that occasion, when, in the Arabian Desert, he had impressed upon her in the farewell, to have courage in her darkest hour!

"For God's sake," she gasped, also, in his ear, for the music was pealing on like destiny through all the tragedy, "who ARE YOU? Have I not met you before?"

The German's magnetic orbs poured a sudden overpowering stream of intelligence into hers. For a second he panted heavily, looking at her as if he would devour her, but he conquered himself, and with the usual inscrutable gravity led her a few steps on her way toward her mother, saying with admirable composure and earnestness:

"Your overstrained feelings may run away with your usual fortitude, unless you sternly control them, Miss; the moment is come for you to play a heroine's part toward your unfortunate mother. Go with her; she has looked her last on Victor Valrose."

"And I," shuddered Cordelia, losing her personal interests instantly, as under the

sweep of a magic wand; "shall I never again see him, either?"

"If you are true to your motto, perhaps," answered Berthold, with a look of significance.

Cordelia pressed his hand and walked rapidly toward the spot where her mother sat upon the bench, all unconscious of the fracas which had been going on under cover of the merciful music; and as she walked she had the presence of mind to fling her veil once more over her face.

It all came sharp and fresh back to her, the terribly critical task before her, that of revealing to a mother, ready to die of the first shock of agitation, that her dead daughter was still alive.

She paused when within a few feet of Madeline, to crush down all agitation; she glanced searchingly about, wishing to understand perfectly every detail of the externals of her situation that she might take advantage of anything favorable to her purpose. The Chant Triumphant was drawing to a close; people were beginning to wake up to the fact that some excitement was collecting numbers in front of one of the rustic arbors, in which Mrs. Castleman still sat, too stupefied by Cordelia's proceedings to move a muscle. Madeline was as yet entirely unconscious of anything going on, and appeared to be listening intently to Miss De Forest, who, unconscious also, was talking with animation.

Cordelia drew her veil closer, and stepped forward, coming up behind the bench at Miss De Forest's side, so that she was indistinctly seen by Madeline, as she stooped, and touching the young lady on the shoulder, said in her ear:

"I beg your pardon, madam, but will you be good enough to step aside with me for a moment; I have something to say which I fear to say too abruptly to Mrs. Valrose."

The young lady hearing these words slowly and calmly spoken in most delicate tone and accents, and looking round hastily to perceive at her elbow the veiled figure which she had observed with some curiosity among the throng, nodded her consent with instant intuition of the necessity of avoiding Mrs. Valrose's attention; and Cordelia moved away, screening herself behind a fountain with its profusion of tropical foliage towering up in the midst. Miss De Forest made a few more remarks to her friend, casting about in her mind for an excuse to leave her; then Madeline, raising her eyes suddenly, perceived the people all rushing in one direction, and stood up in quick alarm, gazing at the point of interest, where several gentlemen seemed to be bending over a prostrate form. Turning to utter her surprise to Miss De Forest, she found herself—alone. Wondering and rather uneasy, Madeline resented herself, shrinking a little from the unceremonious contact of those who rushed now from all directions to the scene of interest. Meanwhile Cordelia and Miss De Forest were standing face to face on the other side of the fountain, Miss De Forest waiting to the alarming idea that something unfortunate had befallen Colonel Valrose, and that this stranger was endeavoring to break it as gently as possible.

Cordelia was well acquainted with the young lady, whose family used to be intimates of the Valroses four years ago. She knew her for a kind and simple-hearted girl, extremely attached to Mrs. Valrose, and possessed of some tact. She had no sooner got her out of her mother's sight than she flung up her veil, and presenting her brilliantly beautiful countenance to the young lady's astonished gaze, said:

"You remember Cordelia, don't you, Edith? Mamma thinks me dead, but I escaped; now, how am I to let mamma know without exciting her dangerously?"

"Cordelia!" gasped Edith De Forest, looking ready to swoon. "My goodness gracious! how did you—when—oh, mercy! Am I awake?" she cried, seizing on Cordelia's hands and pulling her nearer, that she might both feel and see that she was actual flesh and blood.

Cordelia reassured her in a few earnest words, and then brought her face to face with the grave exigencies of the case.

"Don't ask anything more," she implored. "Help me to make myself known to mamma."

"Stay here then until I call you. I shall prepare her as well as I can," said Miss De Forest, hurrying away.

A minute afterward she reappeared, looking terribly anxious.

"I have done my best," she said. "I have hinted as near the truth as I dared, but I warn you that I don't believe she has comprehended my meaning. She is full of that accident, or whatever it is, over there, and actually fears something has happened to the colonel. Come at once, or she'll be in the midst of the mob."

Cordelia darted forward—just in time! Madeline had seized on a passing old gentleman, and was begging him to protect her through the crowd to the wounded man—she had wormed that much out of him first—and the old gentleman was amiably tucking her under his arm.

The veiled lady blocked their way.

"God bless my soul!" cried the old gentleman, as his companion gave a start like one electrified, and dropped his arm.

"Who are you?" demanded Madeline, in a breathless voice, bending to peer through Cordelia's veil so closely that her breath panted in Cordelia's face.

Cordelia had removed her gloves. She clasped her mother's hands, and laid them against her heart. The mother felt that heart bounding and throbbing; she began to tremble; Miss De Forest flung her arms about her and supported her, laughing and crying both at once. The Chant Triumphant was done, and human voices were murmuring and buzzing everywhere; Madeline now heard the quick gasping and panting of the woman whose leap heart her hands rested upon; she saw, too, that her eyes were glistening, as if with tears, under the cruel veil.

"Oh, my God, let it be Cora!" she breathed, in a dying voice.

And Cordelia shook aside the veil, and looked at her mother.

When Madeline awoke from her trance, the orchestra was playing something softly throbbing; she reclined against the weeping and smiling Edith De Forest on the bench, and Cora, her own sweet, lovely, darling Cora, was bending over her, a solemn adoration in her mystic eyes, and her hands clasped as if in prayer.

"Your father!" murmured Madeline, delirious with happiness.

"He has not returned," said Cordelia, growing paler.

Seeing this, the mother smiled, triumphant.

"The old sorrow!" she whispered, radiance beaming effulgently from every speaking feature; "sign no more, brave daughter—sign no more! You have bought his love—ah, Heaven! how he loves her!"

Cordelia hid her face on Madeline's breast. Madeline went on in accents drunk with joy: "Yes, child, he loves you now as men love

angels; you are his Glorified One—his Guiding Star. Not a day but he whispers your name coupled with a blessing. Ah, my heart! it will kill him to see you alive—sweet, rapturous death—were it not that we would leave her I could ask God to let us go hence through such a golden gate," she murmured, dreamily.

From this joy-trance the labored sighs and the clutching hand of her daughter roused her.

"I suppose your story is wildly interesting," she said, faintly, but with the smile of a victorious empress; "we shall hear it all by and by; it is enough yet to see you, to hold you; if only he would come. Darling, how beautiful you are! oh, how beautiful! And her soul is as fair!" cried the mother, exultingly.

Cordelia shuddered.

"I felt that it was she!" the mother went on, laughing sweetly; "all her masking and veiling could not disguise her from her mother. There is but one outline on earth so perfect; how could she hope to blind her mother? I did not dare to tell Victor what I felt; it would have put him in one of his despairs—poor Victor! But why does he not come?"

No one answered; a sudden throe of stifling pain passed from Cordelia's convulsively-clasping hands through Madeline's heart; she sat up and looked in Cordelia's face.

"What is it?" asked she, with a complete change of tone and expression, and turning square on Edith De Forest.

"Dear Mrs. Valrose, I don't know!" cried she, innocently. It was true; she knew nothing save what had passed before her.

Madeline

no mercy; he sat there looking in the face of his judge and executioner with that half paralyzed look we cast on Death the Inevitable, as he approaches.

At length he collected himself, picturing the position as it was, with the one open door of reparation, through an eternal farewell to Madeline, and justice to Margaret. Writings under the humiliation of self nearly as much as under the anguish of the parting, he paced about, sick at heart. Then a sudden thought of Cordelia came to him; Cordelia whose unsuspicious love of him as her father had galled and mocked him so long, until she, learning the truth had chosen to part even from him whom she so adored rather than to remain with him knowing it; should he be less brave than she? She had of her own free will relinquished her home-life just when it became worth the living; should he, the wrong done, shrink?

"Act! you say, sir," said he, turning resolutely to his counselor; "very good, I shall act. Where is poor Kercheval? Let me see him."

"It is scarcely safe," said Herman, "his troubles have crazed him; I fear he will never recognize you again."

"Let me see him," muttered Valrose, chokingly. "Once he loved me like a brother, alas! It could only be madness that would turn him against me."

Berthold stepped into his bedroom. The unfortunate lay sleeping, with a smile upon his attenuated features; Valrose followed close at his heels, and bending over the wreck of his boyhood's friend, gazed long and mournfully upon it.

Hours afterward Jonas awoke. The German still lingered near, anxiously watching. Valrose was seated close to his pillow. Jonas looked wildly around, raising himself to his elbow. His excitement had been dissipated by his lengthened slumber. For the moment he was himself, in full possession of his reason.

Up he sprang, the last idea of his lucid moments recurring to him as the first on their return.

"Alas!" he cried, with reckless triumph, "have I found you, traitor?" Another moment and Berthold's steel-strung hand was on him, his compelling eyes forcing him to meet and read them.

"This is a mistake," he said, firmly. "Victor Valrose has had naught to do with your misfortunes; they have been but the natural and inevitable outcome of your own error. You have already insulted him; come shake hands!" This curt yet comprehensive explanation arrested him. He listened attentively, his dulled faculties slowly puzzling out the meaning; then he looked from the resolute face of the German to Valrose's distressed one, with piteous wonder and pain.

"What was it, then?" he began feebly to ask; but Valrose took his thin hand between his, and with a single imploring glance sent the German out of the room. What these two said to each other is not for alien ears to overhear. In a moment of temptation two erring hearts had conspired together to the commission of a great sin; both had repented, of this sowing of the wind, a terrible harvest of the whirlwind. Valrose in his life-long rejection of an innocent's love, whom he all the while adored, and in the loss of her at last; Jonas in those immeasurable losses and crosses which had environed every step of his life-path, ever since he had brought to a dishonored home the woman for whose sake he had sold his soul.

For these men were not mere worthless reprobates, whom God would leave to their own devices in wrath and disgust; but men of innate principle, whose ardent affections had led them astray; whom God had for a little while suffered to sin and to bear that sin's sorrow, that He might in the end bring them back, dear, prodigal sons to His loving heart; forgiven and purified.

And the instrument of this, His high purpose, had been the very man, who, in the pride of his intellect, had laughed at a God and His Providence; had chosen to take the threads of the web of these men's lives into His poor, mortal hand, supposing he could weave the noble pattern well; what thought he now, when a Mightier Hand thus caught him by his bungling fingers this wisp of confusion, and cast aside the knots and tangles of self-interest, human pride, and presumptuous worldly wisdom, produced a web, beautiful as only Omnipotence can design!

Herman Berthold had sought to force these puppets of his game of life into the right path through their various self-interests: God showed him by their acts, one by one, that conscience, where he could acknowledge a God, is stronger than any self-interest; and one by one they have turned into the right path for pure Right's sake, to their own heart-breaking and temporal ruin.

"Do right, though the heavens should fall!" Noble motto, nobly acted out to-day!

When Valrose joined his strange host and counselor, he was very pale and humble, but a singular irradiation had taken the place of the haughty, courtly grace which was the customary expression of his still handsome features.

In a few words he imparted the result of the interview. Herman felt his very soul shaken by the quiet heroism with which he announced it.

"Jonas tells me that Margaret already believes him dead; that mercifully softens the blow which I have to deal her in returning to her alive after all these years. My poor Madeline is not so fortunate; I must leave her without explanation, hiding myself from her loving search as I can, for a life-long suspense and hope would be less terrible to her than to learn the truth. But God has been very good to me, also; He has restored Cordelia to my mother in time to forestall the bitterness of my sudden loss. Cordelia knows all; she will do all for the best. We have resolved that, after I have made humble provision for my wronged Madeline and her daughter, Jonas possessing nothing to bestow upon her, and sinking fast, I shall return to Margaret, confess all, except that Jonas still lives, and secure my property to her and to my real daughter Anne, and leave it to Margaret's choice whether we live together or separately. I must do this at once. Only one favor I must beg of you, who have so mysteriously entangled yourself with our lives, that you conduct to me my noble Cordelia for one short interview, that I may, for the first and last time, show her how I love and thank her for all she has done for me."

With a speechless gesture of assent Berthold went forth.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 355.)

WHEN a dog barks at night in Japan the owner is arrested and sentenced to work a year for the neighbors that were disturbed. The dogs get off easier, being simply killed.

Winning Ways;

OR,
KITTY ATHERTON'S HEART.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Alas! that love was not too strong
For maiden shame and manly pride.
Alas! that they delayed so long
The goal of mutual bliss beside."
"Yet what no chance could then reveal,
And neither would be first to turn,
Let fate and courage now conceal
Where truth could bring remorse alone."
—R. MONCKTON MILNES.

THE "Growlery" had many a pleasant nook and corner, within and without; but one of the pleasantest, at least to Miss Marchmont's eye, was an old summer-house, half hidden with ivy, that was perched, like a bird-cage, upon the southern garden wall. There was nothing, it would seem, to recommend it to a lady's taste; and yet, in the soft sunshine of that autumn day, when the birds were singing among the elms, the rooks cawing around their nests, and the swallows darting in and out of the ivy that covered the front of the building—how pleasant a place it seemed, with its loose board floors and open front, through which a charming prospect of hill and valley, and calm blue sky and river, met her lifted eyes!

Miss Marchmont's seat was in an old, worn-out *chaise-longue*, stowed there by some careful hand, and furnished by her own with cushion and footstool, whereon to lounge, with book or pen in hand.

Born with an artistic eye and taste, though unable to reproduce the creatures of her fancy, she often, in her solitude, painted, mentally, the most glowing landscapes, the sunniest, clearest skies, the most impassioned and beautiful faces. And now a face, both beautiful and beloved, was on the spiritual canvas; a few more spirited touches, a more decided curve to the handsome lips, and a deeper, heavenlier blue within the glorious eyes, and it would be complete. The face of one whom she had met only a few weeks before, whose voice, whose smile, had taken her back to the days of her childhood again.

He was a member of her own family, of whom she had heard much, and thought and dreamed far more. His sphere was an active and a useful one—his life so pure, and holy, and unselfish, that its relation served to awaken a deep and dangerous interest within the heart of the woman who had listened to it so eagerly.

Kind and courteous he was to all, and especially to women, and yet he had never loved; brave, yet gentle; reserved, but never haughty; stately and handsome, yet without vanity; and dedicating all—courage, zeal, gentleness, and glorious intellect—to the hazardous profession he had chosen; consecrating himself, as a kind of high-priest, to the Lord, and only caring to follow in His footsteps, and preach His word to the heathen and those who sat in darkness longing for the light. He seemed to her a Christian knight, "without fear and without reproach;" and in her heart he was shrouded, even in her girlhood, not as an idol, but as her highest and fullest realization of perfect manhood.

And now that she had met him when she was best able to understand and appreciate his worth, he was becoming, by degrees, all in all to her—guide, teacher, companion, and friend—and slowly, but surely, a love which purified her whole nature and sanctified her life, and which was no more to be compared to the former fancy she had felt than is the faint glimmer of starlight on a cloudy eve to the full, clear radiance of the queenly moon, that looks, unstained, upon a dark and sinful earth.

The first affection was clogged with the doubts, and jealousies, and sorrows of earth; this wore the calm semblance of a heavenly flame. She did not ask to be his wife; indeed, I doubt if at that time she ever dreamed of the thing. She wished to labor with and for him; to sit at his feet and listen humbly to his teaching; to shelter him with an unobtrusive care and devotion through life, and feel, in the hour of death, that his calm eyes were upon her, his voice sounding prayerfully and hopefully in her ear, his hand leading her through the valley of the shadow of death, where grief and terror lay in wait for her soul.

But no man, high and noble though he may be, has it in his nature to love as purely and unselfishly as some women can do; and while Paul Elliott saw that his young relative was faithful and true, he saw also that she was gifted and ardent; and, at least to him, beautiful. He had never loved, because he had never found talent and piety, genius and goodness, combined. Now, when he discovered all those necessary qualities in one, and above all, in one who had become so dear to him, and whom, he feared, he should have loved had some of them been wanting, he saw no reason why he should not secure the treasure for himself. Neither were vowed to celibacy; both, he believed, would be better, happier together than apart; and though he knew nothing of the sentiments she cherished toward him, he preferred to trust to his good fortune, and satisfy himself on that point, rather than to leave the decisive words unspoken, and go from her side and lose her forever.

She knew this well, and sat, on that pleasant morning, awaiting the announcement of his coming—awaiting the interview which was to decide the whole course of her future life.

A shadow crossed the sunlight upon the garden path, as she looked impatiently from the window—a hand was upon the latch, and a step upon the threshold, as she resumed her seat—and some one entered, bringing with him a wandering breeze, freighted with the odor of countless flowers. She rose, and held out her hand with a gentle smile that brought a new and lovely light to her proud face.

But as she slowly raised her eyes to the face of the intruder, that look changed to a glance of astonishment, almost of fear.

"Mr. Oliver?" he gasped.

"The same, at your service," he replied, laughing at her look of utter consternation. "One would imagine I was the Wandering Jew, and brought the plague in my train, to see the way in which people greet me. My wife was kind enough to faint when I entered the breakfast-room, somewhat unexpectedly, this morning—on account of the very agreeable surprise, no doubt," he added, with a sarcastic intonation that showed her he knew all.

"When did you arrive?" asked Miss Marchmont, without noticing the sneer.

"By the earliest train this morning. I came on the wings of love, or rather the Dover express, to meet my charming Kitty at the sooner. My charming Kitty, did I say? My charming Fenelope rather—who has only played the time of my absence by resolutely keeping all her suitors at bay!"

"I don't like you in that mood, Mr. Oliver. I don't like your face—your voice—nor the

manner in which you speak of your wife! Why did you go and leave her in that outrageous way?"

"Come and walk with me, Oliver," he said, abruptly, offering his arm. Then, seeing that she hesitated and looked surprised, he added: "Oh, I beg ten thousand pardons, with all my heart! I should have said: Miss Marchmont, will you honor me by taking a stroll with me through your grounds?"

It was absurd to refuse him; and seeing, by a stolen glance at her watch, that there was yet an hour before Paul Elliott could arrive, she took his arm, and they went down the steps and into the sunny garden together. Through the flower-garden he led her, and out upon the lawn, where, veiled by the low shrubbery from all inquiring eyes, stood a gnarled and twisted tree, whose fantastically-carved trunk had often served as a seat for some romantic beauty during the *al fresco* entertainments for which the "Growlery" was justly celebrated. Miss Marchmont sat down there. Mr. Oliver leaned against the branches, looked down at her, and began to talk in that tone of suppressed vehemence which deep passion only knows.

"Why did I leave my wife? You know as well as I do, Miss Marchmont. I thought her a good little thing. I knew that she was pretty; but one gets tired of mutton when it becomes a standing dish."

"Mutton?" said Miss Marchmont, lifting her eyebrows.

"Why not? Is not our charming little friend yonder a lamb? A lamb in innocence as well as appearance, mind you."

"You have no right to speak of her in that way. You were sarcastic enough and disagreeable enough before you ran away from her; but your short residence in Paris has made you worse instead of better."

"Thanks," he said, bowing as if she had paid him a compliment. "My short residence in Paris seems to have had the same effect upon my charming wife. Have you not noticed that?"

"No!" was the ungracious reply. "And as people cannot help taking sides in these matters, I must tell you frankly that I hold with your wife in everything—not with you; and that I will not sit quietly and hear her abused!"

"In everything?" he said, with a slight smile. "Even in her encouragement of Captain Conyers?"

"Captain Conyers has gone. She has sent him about his business, at all events."

"I know it, and I am very sorry. There is a curious sensation in my mind when I hear that gallant captain mentioned, which can only be allayed by the gentle exercise of kicking him out of my house. However, for the present, let the gallant captain go. And so you take part against me; you, of all women on earth, Oliver?"

She did not answer. Her eyes drooped before his piercing, questioning gaze.

The years that had passed since they were young together had made little difference in her face or form. She was still graceful and noble-looking—the same haughty curve lingered round her lip—the same roguish smile lit up her animated face—and only a close observer could discern that deep down in the proud eyes lay a look of latent weariness, which showed how different was the woman from the girl of sixteen.

"I want to say something to you. May I?"

She bowed her head.

A sudden change was visible in his manner. A subdued eagerness and a happy hope flushed his cheek and kindled in his eyes. She looked at him with a kind of calm surprise.

"You ask why I left my wife, and why I speak of her as I did just now. You know, Oliver, how utterly unable she is to give me what I require—the heart, the mind, the soul—what I do not look for these in her. Oliver, do you remember the summer we spent together in America, years ago?"

She would not tell him how long and faithfully she had remembered it.

"I loved you, then, as a sister," he went on, hurriedly; "for all the tenderness and passion of my nature was sleeping. You began to write; and, at last, one of your books came to me; and when I read it, I knew what the lost glory was. It was you and your love that I wanted; and I said to myself—'This is the kindred soul that I need.' They told me that you were gay, wealthy, and heartless. I was afraid to force myself upon your notice after my infamous behavior, and I gave up all hopes of ever meeting you again, except as we met in the fashionable and the literary world. In the New Forest, however, I dreamed a dream of love and happiness once more, but only for a day. You left me just when the words that should have won you were trembling on my tongue—and I married! You have been my friend—the friend of my wife! Will you never be more? Mine is a wasted, a broken life; but you can make it all I ever dreamed or hoped it would be. I cannot part from you again without telling you how well—how madly I love you. Life will be nothing to me without you! Oliver, what have you to say?"

Pale and trembling he awaited her answer. But she was silent—sitting with her hand before her eyes. He knelt beside her, and implored:

"Oliver, only one word. Do you love another?"

She raised her head, and regarded him with a long, steady look.

"You?" she said, sadly. "You, whom I once loved so tenderly, to come here and insult me like this!"

"I mean no insult."

"You—you of all others! The measure of your weakness, of your ingratitude, of your cowardice, is filled! Farewell, Francis Oliver! Your way lies there—mine here—and I hope that we may never meet again! I would rather—far rather, have seen you lying in your coffin, than fallen—abject and degraded—as you are now."

She turned away as she spoke, and walked toward the house. And he dared not attempt, by look or word, to detain her.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Farewell my home, my home no longer now,
Witness of many a calm and happy day;
And thou, fair eminence, upon whose brow
Dwells the last sunshine of the evening ray,
Farewell, mine eyes no longer shall pursue
The western sun beyond this utmost height
When slowly he forsakes the field of light.
No more the freshness of the falling dew
Cool, and delightful, here shall bathe my head,
As from this western window, dear, I lean,
Listening the while I watch the placid scene—
The martins twittering underneath the shed.
Farewell my home, where many a day has past,
In joys whose loved remembrance long shall last."

—SOUTHEY.

Was Mr. Oliver mad?

It would almost seem so; but there are times in a life like his when sanity puts on the aspect of insanity, and plays the most fantastic tricks imaginable. One of those wild moods had come upon him, and he had yielded to it, as we have seen.

Those who have lived such lives are, I think,

to be judged more leniently than those with whom the current of existence has glided on with a placid and unbroken flow. Mr. Oliver had exhausted most pleasures in his youth, and when Kitty first dawned upon his sight, he was a lonely and a disappointed man. Some solace he found at first in her fresh young love for a life wasted, for high gifts thrown away; but, alas! the voice of that charmer could not always soothe him. When the first fervor of passion had passed away, and he found nothing except beauty and good-temper in his wife (because he would not look for more), how the tie of marriage wearied him—how eagerly he turned to anything, everything, that would give him one new sensation more! He ought to have studied Kitty more deeply, it is true—he ought to have watched and encouraged her first dim perceptions of the beautiful—her first faint reachings after the true; but he had not patience to do this. Authors, I think, are generally impatient with those who do not meet them at once upon their own ground. They will not take pains to hold out a helping hand, that they may encourage them, they will not cower, I suppose, to the utter perversity of human nature) with those who are nearest and dearest to them. Had Kitty been a pretty young lady "in society," whose favor Mr. Oliver wished to win, it is more than probable that he would have found ways and means of improving her mind; but she had been a peasant maiden, and she was his wife. Where would be the pleasure of angling after a speckled trout that is already fast upon the hook?

So, finding her no companion for his more thoughtful hours, and taking no pains to make her so, Mr. Oliver, having had leisure during his Parisian exile to repent of his momentary infatuation for La Stella, returned to the thought of his first love with fond and remorseful tenderness.

The breaking up of such a friendship is no light thing, and it is no wonder that the world had grown dark and cold. Once she had lightened all his trouble by sharing it, and when he missed her he groped blindly on his way, as if the light of his existence had gone out. She was the only one who stood between him and the world. He had but her, and when all sweet ties were rent in that one which bound them together, he stood face to face with all antagonists, unarmed and unshielded. He tried to supply her place—not so much because he was inconstant, as because he loathed his loneliness. In every instance he failed. Those whom he sought had other ties and friends—at best, he could only occupy a second place in their hearts. What was more important, was this: they were of the common order of women. Their souls were narrow, their brains capable of supporting only one trivial set of ideas. Probably he wearied them; certainly, they wearied him most unbearably.

Oliver's was a queenly soul, that fed upon high thoughts. And constant association with such a spirit had spoiled him for others. So it came to pass that he still went his way alone, and in the Valley of Humiliation, or on the Mountains of Peace, his cry was always: "Will she ever come back to me?"

And then he met her once again, and saw her day after day, still young and ardent, yet already rich and famous—the star of many an assembly—a woman whose name was upon every tongue, and whose written words, no less than her spoken ones, influenced many a reader, charmed and brightened many a life. And while she was going on steadily in her upward course, his wife was flirting with Captain Conyers—giving to him the heart she had vowed away at the altar, and doing her best to make a laughing-stock and byword of her husband's name! It was not a pleasant contrast. And forgetting all his share of the blame (no man ever remembers, or is even conscious of that) he brooded over the picture till all the disappointment, the despondency, the hopelessness of his life overflowed in that one interview with Miss Marchmont, and made her a stranger to him forever.

He watched her, as she left him that morning, till she entered the house and closed the door behind her. All was over. His self-love wounded, his pride hurt, his dearest hopes disappointed, his friendship lost, his life a blank!

"A pleasing prospect before me!" he broke out, with a bitter laugh. "Oh, I wish—I wish, with all my heart, that I was lying comfortably under six feet of earth—all this ceaseless worry and vexation over—nothing to do but to sleep sweetly and take my rest. Death—kind death!—when will you come?"

As those sad words fell from his weary heart, as well as from his lips, did nothing speak to him, from the flowers at his feet, from the softly-waving trees, from the deep blue sky, of another world, whose beauty shall far exceed the beauty of this, and whose happiness, for those who win to it, can never be described! No! Pagan that he was, he asked nothing

more—believed in nothing more than rest! To lie beneath those whispering trees; to feel the daisies growing over him; to know that sunshine and shadow were above, and the little singing-birds, and the small, yet lovely creatures of the earth around him; to blend his dust with theirs, and so carry on the vast beneficent plan of Nature. This was all he wanted—this was what would have been a blessed boon to him upon that very day.

He roused himself from the pleasing, yet melancholy dream at last, and shrugged his shoulders.

"That happy hour has not come for me," he muttered; "and as there is nothing but vexation for me till it does come, I'll even go on in the old way. I'll go and have it out with Kitty."

He strode away, never looking to the right or the left, till he reached his own house. Kitty was not in the library, which had of late been her usual place of resort. She was in her own morning-room, and there he sought her, at last. She was sitting in the window-seat, reading in a volume of poems, the legend of "Burd Helen."

"Lord John he rode, Burd Helen ran,
A live long summer's day,
Until they came to Clyde water,
Was filled frae bank to brae."

"Seest thou you water, Helen," said he, "That flows from bank to brim?"
"I trust to God, Lord John," she said, "You ne'er will see me swim."

As she finished the lines, her husband entered, and, without seeing her at first, stood close beside the window, looking out upon the lawn.

The heavy folds of the curtain in his hand drooped down with a friendly shadow over her, and she had time to take a stealthy survey of him. Tall, stately and handsome, he stood, his fine face turned upward, his large, dark eyes gazing in the warm light of the noonday. He looked touched and pensive; was this the face her fancy had pictured while she read his letter? He looked like a poet—like a patriot; but never like a false, unscrupulous man.

Turning away with a deep sigh, he suddenly caught sight of her. His face changed—the pensive look gave way to a smile of scorn.

"Oh, you are here!" he exclaimed. "I have been in search of you for some time. I really began to think you had gone away with your friend, Captain Conyers!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 359.)

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FOR NINETY DAYS

FROM THE DATE OF THIS ISSUE OF THIS PAPER

Elegant Table Silverware

Can be secured by all who receive a copy of this week's paper, on compliance with the following conditions:—The Standard Silverware Company, 14 Maiden Lane, New York, manufacturers of Pure Coin-Standard Silver Plated Ware, will send to any one entitled to receive the same a set of Double Extra-Plated Silver Spoons, and engrave on each upon any desired initial. You are required to cut out the following Silverware Coupon and send it to the above Company with your name and address, as a guarantee that the order comes through this paper. You are also required to enclose with your order the nominal charge of seventy-five cents to pay cost of engraving initials, packing, boxing, and express charges. The spoons will be sent by express (or mail, if you have no express office) and delivered in your hands without further cost. As the seventy-five cents barely covers express and engraving charges, the spoons will cost you nothing. These spoons are guaranteed to be of the best material, and sold at retail at from \$1.50 to \$4 per set, as the following letter from the Standard Silverware Company will testify:

OFFICE STANDARD SILVERWARE COMPANY,
14 Maiden Lane, New York City.
To Whom it may Concern.—The Spoons sent out under this arrangement, we guarantee are of best quality, first heavily plated with pure nickel (the hardest white metal known), and a double-extra plate of pure Coin-Standard Silver added on top of the nickel, thus rendering them the very best Silver-plated ware manufactured. In no case will they be sold at retail by us, and cannot be secured from general dealers for less than \$1.50 to \$4 per set. Our lowest wholesale price is \$55 per gross (twelve dozen). We will honor no order which does not contain the Silverware Coupon, and we will not honor the Coupon after ninety days from the date of this paper.
(Signed)
STANDARD SILVERWARE CO.

SILVERWARE COUPON.
On receipt of this Coupon, together with 75c. to cover express or mailing, engraving, and boxing charges, we hereby agree to send to any address a set of our Pure Coin-Standard, double-extra-plated Silver Spoons, and engrave on each upon any desired initial.
(Signed)

and on each spoon engrave any desired initial. All charges are to be prepaid by the 75c. sent in, and the spoons will be delivered at destination free of any other charge.
Good for ninety days from date of this paper, after which this Coupon is null and void.
(Signed) STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., 14 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Should it be desired, any one of the following articles will be sent in lieu of the spoons, on payment of the following charges: Six solid steel knives, blade and handle one solid piece, best steel, \$5c.; retail price, \$6. Six forks, double nickel and silver plated, \$5c.; retail price, \$6. If all these goods are desired, enclose the total charges, which will be 75c. for spoons, \$2 for knives, and \$5c. for forks; total, \$3.75, thus securing for \$3.75 what would cost you \$14 any other way. Remember, under this arrangement each article, except knives, will be engraved with any initial desired without extra cost.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.
By the terms of this contract this liberal arrangement holds good for only ninety days from the date of this paper, therefore it is to the interest of all who are entitled to see to it that they are not debarred by reason of the expiration of the time specified. All letters ordering silverware should be addressed direct to the STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., 14 Maiden Lane, N. Y. City. Letters containing subscriptions must be sent direct to the office of this paper.

RUNNING FOR OFFICE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Dear maid, I am a candidate
And somewhat in a fix,
The love of you, dear Polly, is
My ardent poll-ties;
And while I make to you a speech
Lend your electioneer;
My feelings are conservative—
Sweetest of Polls, and dear.

I've stumped the State, and I am stumped
To find your match around,
I count you fairer, gentler one,
Than any, on fair count.
It is for you I'd cast my vote—
Unchallenged give my name,
And wait the general result
For office, and for fame.

Were you my colleague in the House
We'd represent the state
Of matrimony, well and long,
And mingle in debate.
I'd like to look up your support
As long as life endures,
And with each other we would dine
At the Election Board.

I'd rather like your government;
To operate we'd pace;
I'd never scratch a ticket, dear,
If you'd not scratch my face.
You should be Speaker of the House,
And I'd accept your speech;
And I'd keep still when'er you rapped—
And ne'er committee breach.

Of course I'd do the canvassing
And not be canvass-bored,
And on financial ques-tions
We'd not take up the sword.
Your face, dear one, is far more sweet
Than face of the returns—
With a plurality of one
How happy he who earns!

The majority should always rule,
And if I should be the
Getting the head o' the table, dear,
I'd not contest the seat.
I'd never or think o' always would
Accept the situation,
And no bulldozing be allowed,
And no intimidation.

If I could win in this dear race—
Be chosen for a term,
'Twould be my office to become
Constitution, tried and firm.
I am a very candid man
To be a candidate,
And so the general result
I am content to wait.

Cavalry Custer,

From West Point to the Big Horn;

OR,

THE LIFE OF A DASHING DRABOOK.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ,

AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE
SWORD-HUNTERS," ETC.

VI.

GENERAL HANCOCK, as the soldiers approached the camp, noticed that the Indians were very uneasy. They all fancied that the soldiers had come to get them into a trap and kill them. To calm their anxiety, and partly for fear of Indian treachery, the general ordered his camp pitched a mile from that of the Cheyennes, and surrounded it with sentries. Then, as it was late in the day, he ordered a feast, and entertained some of the chiefs, who talked better than ever, and all swore that they were going to be very good.

Evening came on, and then night, and it was duly arranged that the Indians should come to a grand council in the morning. Then everything was quiet, and the soldiers were all sound asleep, when one of the general's Indian scouts, who had been prowling round the Cheyenne camp, came hurrying round the middle of the night, with the news that the Indians were stealing away, leaving the village standing.

Then there was a fine bustle, as may be supposed. General Hancock was furious, and ordered all the cavalry out, under Custer, to surround the village and capture all the Indians that were left, dead or alive. As quickly as they could be waked, but without sounding any bugles, the cavalrymen were routed out of their tents, saddled up in haste, and rode out to surround the village. There was a bright moonlight, and they could see the white lodges grouped under the trees, like rows of ghosts, but not a figure or fire was visible. By the time the village was quite surrounded, they found out, when too late, that the Indians had fled entirely, leaving not a soul behind.

Custer thus took his first lesson in Indian tricks, and he never forgot the results of that night's experience. He had found that it is never safe to let an Indian go, when once you have him in sight. In a match of cunning, the Indian is sure to win. Nothing was left but to report to General Hancock, and the general at once ordered Custer to take all the cavalry and follow the Indians, hoping to catch them.

All the rest of the night was spent in getting the men ready for next day's trip. It was impossible to follow the trail of the Indians till daylight, and very difficult then. Left to themselves, the soldiers could never have done it, but, along with the expedition, were some twenty or thirty scouts, some white and some Indians. It was on these that they had to depend to catch the Cheyennes. All that night the cavalry soldiers were up and working. Each man had to get three days' pork and hard tack, and a week's coffee and sugar ready for the march.

Starting on a long scout after Indians is not so easy. First, you must put your coffee and sugar in little bags, and tie them up very tight, or the jolting of the horse will shake them all over the saddle bags, on the pork and hard tack. Each article must be wedged in so tight it cannot be moved. Then the men draw fifteen pounds of oats apiece, supposed to be enough on the plains, along with the grass, to keep a horse three days. This grain goes into a long narrow canvas bag, and fills it up tight, till it looks like a huge sausage. Then the end of the bag is tied, and this sausage is strapped on the back of the saddle so that it cannot shake about.

One may say, well, all this can be done in half an hour. That is true, but it takes another half hour for the sergeants of the different companies to go to the commissary and have their portions weighed out, to be distributed afterward to the men, one by one. Then all the horses' feet have to be looked to. If there is a loose shoe it must be taken off and reset, for it would never do for a horse to lose a shoe, or on a long march. That horse would soon go lame and have to be left behind.

At last, however, everything was ready, just as the first streaks of dawn were coming in the East. The wagon train of the Seventh Cavalry was all harnessed up and ready to move out. Then the bugles sounded "to horse," and each orderly sergeant ordered his company to lead out their horses. There they stood in a long line, each man at his horse's head, till they had counted fours, beginning on the right, each man calling successively, "one

—two—three—four—one—two—three—four," to the end of the line. Then each sergeant turned to his captain, who sat on his horse behind him, and touched his cap. A moment later, all the captains called out "Prepare to mount." At that word each No. 1 and No. 3 led out his horse to the front, the other numbered men standing still. This was to give the men room to get on their horses. At the same time, and all together, each man put his foot in the stirrup, seized his horse's mane in one hand, the pomel of the saddle with the other. "Mount!" shouted all the captains. In another moment, just like a machine, every man of the Seventh Cavalry sprang up, threw his leg over, and took his seat. And that is the way a cavalry regiment starts out. A civilian might think a good deal of fuss is made about a little thing, but that is only the beginning of what soldiers call "discipline." Every man has his number and place, and never forgets it, and so, no matter what the crowd, everything is always in order.

A few minutes later, the whole regiment started out in columns of fours, followed by its train of forty great wagons. It may be said why did they take the wagons, when the men carried three days' food? It must be remembered that the great plains of the West stretch for thousands of miles every way, and that neither Custer nor any of his officers knew how far they would have to go before they caught the Cheyennes. The reason they carried provisions on the horses, was that they might be able to leave their wagons for a three days' scout at any time, but with their wagons they could stay out a whole month.

I am telling my readers all these little things to give them an idea of what life on the plains really is, when there is a large body of men to be moved. Remember that on the plains there are only two things to be found for food—grass for the horses—game for the men. It is not always so easy to find game as one may think, and when it is found, it is not so easy to catch it. Moreover, one buffalo will feed three hundred men; and the Seventh Cavalry, officers and all, numbered nearly four hundred. So they had to take the wagons with them, and of course they could only go as fast as the wagons went, that is to say at a walk or slow trot.

Perhaps you begin to see now one reason why the soldiers don't catch the Indians often, other than they do. It is because the Indians, accustomed from childhood to live on the plain, have no wagons. Their ponies live on

worst desperadoes are afraid of him. If he points a pistol at a man he never need shoot twice. He kills every time.

Will Wild Bill find the trail for Custer? No. There are some things no white scout can do like an Indian, and all the scouts fall back as soon as they get to the abandoned camp, and let the Indians go to the front. The column of soldiers is a few hundred yards off, halted, and waiting for the long file of wagons to lumber out, and the white scouts are clustered in a knot at the further end of the village.

See, the Indian scouts—two Delawares, a Shawnee, a Creek, and a Cherokee have leaped off their horses, and stretch out into a circle round the further end of the village. The whole ground is covered with pony tracks, crossing and recrossing in inextricable confusion. The scouts run out just like so many hounds trying to find a scent, at a long, swinging lunge, peering at the tracks as they go, and hunting all over the ground.

For some time not a word is spoken. Wild Bill and the white scouts watch the Indians searching. Now the lumbering noise of advancing wagons stops and the soldiers are all at a halt. Here comes Custer, out to the front, to see if the scouts have found the trail. He rides a beautiful bright bay horse, thoroughbred, and looks like anything but a soldier in his jaunty buck-skin dress. All round his horse see those dogs capering. There are Blucher and Maida his famous Scotch deerhounds, given him by Mr. Barker, of Detroit. There are several fox-hounds and a white Spitz dog, and Custer looks more like a huntsman than a general.

Hark! Just as Custer comes up, they hear a long, loud cry from one of the Indians. It comes from that dingy-looking fellow, with a dirty face, one or two broken feathers in his hair. Dirty as he looks, he is the smartest trailer of his nation, one of the tribe of Delawares who once lived in Maryland. He has found the trail!

Away goes Custer, dogs and all, and the scouts follow. When they come up, the Delawares points to the ground. A straight double furrow runs out from the confusion of tracks, and you can see other furrows near it streaking off in one direction from the camp. These furrows look as if a man had been dragging a stick behind him in the dust, on each side of him. There, however, pony tracks between the furrows, so it seems that a horse must have carried the sticks.

So he did. Those furrows are the marks of

tain, and leaned her head against a pillar that felt so cool to her hot temples.

She was so wretched—so frightfully wretched, and her great, anguished eyes—magnificent eyes that seemed floating in warm amber depths—were eloquent with the same half-defiant, half-piteous expression that made her mouth so tense, so—almost cruel in its set, white sternness.

She could not remember the time since Errol St. George and she had quarreled and parted that she had not been passively miserable; she could not recall a moment since she had been Howard Champion's wife that she had been even passively happy. She had endured, and that was all—endured only, with all her intense will power in perpetual struggle with her feverish, passionate love for Errol St. George; endured, so far as physical life went; suffered, so far, and to the very full, as spiritual existence went.

It had been two years since the night she and Errol St. George had passed such sharply-bitter words, and parted in hot anger to meet so differently from the way either had anticipated—to meet to-night, at Miss Crittendon's reception, and with such an awful barrier between them—Errol St. George and Howard Champion's wife instead of the Winifred Walton of other days.

There had been a pitiful misunderstanding right after that lovers' quarrel of theirs, and then Winifred had had an offer of Mr. Champion's hand, and, in consequence of the misunderstanding that led her to believe that St. George would never again be friendly with her, under the influence of the widely-spoken, generally credited report, Winifred had decided that since love and Errol could not rule the day, that money and old Mr. Champion should. And money and old Mr. Champion did, and, among all the luxury and magnificence of her home, between sparkle of costly jewels and foamy fall of laces and rustle of silken attire, Winifred tried to suffocate the deathless love for Errol St. George that had never pulsed more hotly in her veins than the hour the minister pronounced her Howard Champion's wife.

Months and months after there had come a letter to her, from a little hidden village in southern France—a letter of contrition and imploring entreaty, acknowledging his all the wrong, only begging, praying with ardent, passionate fervor to be forgiven and loved once more—and the letter was from Errol St. George, and addressed to her maiden name,

waltz, she deliberately went behind the pink and gray silken curtain to wait for him, and that with excited beating in her temples, and that wild, mad joy of pain at her heart.

She did not wait long—not ten minutes, before he lifted the drapery and stood before her—pale, with a pallor that is alarming on a strong, proud man's face, and with a gleam in his eyes that made her give a little gasping cry, as he reached out both his hands and pronounced her name in a fierce, passionate breath:

"Winifred!"

She held out her hand—strangely unnaturally it was—not as one extends a hand in warm, glad greeting, but as if to ward him off—she, whose heart was breaking for love of him—alone, who, a moment before, thought it worth life, honor itself that is more than life, to once more feel his kisses on her lips.

And now, at sound of her own name in Errol St. George's eager voice, she warded him off, and stepped back a pace, and then they stood looking at each other, in a silence that he broke at last.

"I thought you would be glad to see me, Winifred! And so this is the greeting you condescend to give me!"

He could see her shiver at sound of his voice. "Glad! Oh, God!"

Was it rapture, or regret she expressed? He stepped nearer her, looking in her eyes—dim, moist with tears that refused to fall, but so passing beautiful.

"How could you ever have been so false? Winifred, you have ruined my life—made me a perfect wreck so far as even the possibility of happiness goes. Winifred! after the anguish I have endured, give me a kind word—for God's sake give me a kind word!"

He had taken one of her hands—so cold and trembling, and it was not in his power to resist the warm, pulsing touch that vibrated through every nerve and vein of her body.

"Don't talk of suffering, Errol"—how his heart throbbed at the word; "what do you think I have endured—I, who placed the barrier between us—I, whose hands did what never can be undone? Errol! I believe I am mad—my—my husband is good—oh, so good to me, so much better than I deserve."

She seemed talking at random, and her cheeks were flushed deliciously.

"You deserve more than he can give you, more than anyone in all the world can give—but, not more than I can give you! Winifred! Winifred—let me offer you my love once more—you will be happy again! Winifred, darling, darling, it is not too late yet. All of youth, and life, and love lies before us; be my very own; we will go away where no breath of slander shall reach you, where I will convince you it is not wrong that we who love so well shall set at defiance society's narrow code—where, I swear before God, I will never, never leave you, that I will be tender and true forever and ever! Winifred! my love, my only love, can you not see it cannot be wrong to unite such hearts, such loves, such lives as ours? Speak, dear!"

She listened, listened eagerly. Oh, how grateful to her starved heart it was to hear his passionate, pleading voice once more. She listened, marking every expression that lighted his handsome face, and stood, dazed and trembling before him. He saw his advantage—and he loved her so.

"Winifred! It is yes! It is yes, darling! To-morrow we will go together—to-morrow will be our bridal day—oh, my sweet one, my beloved!"

He would have taken her in his arms, but she drew back, still with that half-ecstatic, half-terrified look in her eyes. He would have rained kisses on her perfect mouth, but there was something, even in her half-yielding, half-decisiveness that checked him.

She answered him in a pitiful sort of way. "Oh, Errol—don't talk to me like that! I have suffered so—so; but I have not sinned. Errol go away—you shall not tempt me again."

He smiled tenderly.

"Is it a temptation, my little one? Then you think it would be happiness to be with me?" A word escaped her lips—eager, passionate. "Happiness!"

"Then you shall be happy! Winifred, in God's sight you are more mine than Howard Champion's. To-morrow we will leave all the misery and be happy forever. Only one word—only say 'yes,' my darling, say it!"

She hid her face with her hands. Should she say it? Was his reasoning right? Oh, she loved him so, and she was so wretched, so hopelessly miserable!

"Is it yes, dear?" St. George's voice whispered it in her ear. She raised her head, frantically.

"Oh—not now—not yet! I must think—after this day."

He offered his arm.

"It's another waltz. Dance it with me, my darling, and when it is over tell me Heaven waits for me. Come."

The "Beautiful Blue Danube" was trilling silverly from horns and cornet, and the loud, martial blow of the cornet sounded loud and inspiring; and Errol St. George and Winifred Champion joined the slowly revolving circle of waltzers, so fair to see, so graceful and handsome, and composedly at ease.

Down the long room in his arm, her white lace skirts making foamy waves around her twinkling feet; the odor of the geranium and lilac-of-the-valley in her hair and on her bosom coming in little gusts of sensuous perfume to his face; her little, willowy form, resting like a fairy on his strong arm, and her eyes down-cast, with the long dark lashes sweeping her marble fair cheeks like bronze shadows.

So fair, so lovely, and he loved her so, and to-morrow—

A sudden gasping moan from her lips, a sharp cry of horror from some one standing by—and Errol St. George knew he held in his arms only Winifred Champion's fair form, from which a merciful God had summoned the soul ere sin had laid its ineffaceable stain on its whiteness.

Afterward, a learned physician told Mr. Champion his wife had died literally of a broken heart, and then people remembered how pale and thin Mrs. Champion had been looking lately.

Only Errol St. George knew, and regretted in sackcloth and ashes the imprudent wickedness of his despairing love that had led him to such scarcely pardonable sin.

And Winifred sleeps quietly in Greenwood, her troubled heart at rest.

"I SYMPATHIZE sincerely with your grief," said a French lady to a recently widowed friend. "To lose such a husband as yours—" "Ah, yes, he was very good. And then, you see, such a misfortune is always great, for one knows what kind of husband one has lost, but cannot tell what kind of a man one will find to succeed him."



Just as Custer comes up, they hear a long, loud cry from one of the Indians. He has found the trail!

grass, they live on buffalo and other game. Well, then, you may say they cannot keep together in large numbers any more than the soldiers, or they would starve, too. That is just what is the matter. Whenever they want to move fast and escape the soldiers, they are obliged to split up into little parties, and scatter in all directions, so that they can live on hunting, eating any animal that comes in their way. They only keep in large villages in places where game is very plentiful, in time of peace, sending out their hunting-parties far and wide.

But all this time we are keeping the Seventh Cavalry and Custer waiting, when we ought to be on the trail of the Cheyennes. It makes no difference, however. The soldiers couldn't find the trail any more than you could. The ground is as hard as a rock, and there are so many pony and horse-tracks that you or I couldn't make head or tail of them.

But stay; there are those with Custer who can find the trail, and just see them go, now! There they come out of camp at full gallop, dressed in gray and brown, with old fur caps, big white hats, buck-skin coats, red shirts, dirty and ragged-looking, with wild, matted hair and big beards, mounted on ponies, big horses and mules; several dirty-looking Indians among them, with striped handkerchiefs round their heads, and their shirts hanging out behind. Do you know those fellows? They are the scouts.

Some have been on a drunk all night. Almost all have been gambling, and there's not one of them you would like to meet in a dark place alone. But, rough as they look, there is more in those fellows than you think. Look there! There's one very different from the rest. He rides a beautiful sleek black mare, a racer, and has a silver-mounted saddle and bridle. That fellow's a dandy. See how clean his buck-skin suit is, all trimmed with beads, and how carefully his hair is curled. Did you ever see a handsomer face in your life, with its high, thin nose and that long silky mustache! And what a perfect cavalier. As he rides near Custer, you see that they are very much alike in figure, tall and slender, long-limbed and graceful. Their faces are not unlike, only Custer's curls and mustache are yellow, this fellow's are dark. That man is Wild Bill, the best pistol-shot and the bravest scout on the frontier, but as quiet and peaceable a man as you'd wish to find, as quiet as Custer. It wouldn't do to try and bully him though, for Wild Bill has killed more men than any scout on the frontier, and the

what is called a "lodge-pole trail." They are made by the ends of the poles with which the Indians put up their lodges. When the squaws take the lodge down, they tie the poles together at one end, throw them over a pony's back and let the other end trail. Then, on the poles behind the pony, they place the bundle of skins that makes the lodge. Then, on the pony, put a squaw and all the children they have lying around loose, and Mr. Indian is ready to move house.

Whenever you see a fresh lodge-pole trail, you may know that the women and children are along, and there is a chance of catching the Indians, for they never run away from their families. In this instance the scouts had seen plenty of broad trails of horsemen, all moving in different directions, and purposely made very plain, but what they wanted to find was the main trail. They knew that the Indians, in trying to escape, would spread out just like a fan, on purpose to conceal their movements, but they knew that if there was a single lodge carried off, it probably belonged to the chief's family, and that the Indians would be sure to come back to their chief at last.

So, without waiting any more, Custer gave the signal; the column started, and away went the scouts on the little narrow lodge-pole trail, careless of the pony tracks elsewhere, just as the sun rose over the dry plains of Kansas.

We shall soon see how they fared.

* This same Wild Bill, whose full name was William Hitchcock, was killed last spring in the Black Hills, while gambling, by a miner with whom he had a dispute. The miner shot him dead before he could draw his own pistol.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 363.)

Winifred.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

It seemed to her as if the music would never cease. It seemed as if never before in all her life had melody aroused such sensations as pulsed so madly over her, or echoed with such woful, ecstatic pain through her ears.

She had refused several gentlemen that waltz—not because she did not passionately love dancing, or that she was fatigued, or that possibly her lord and master might object to too much gaiety on her part; but when the band had begun to play a Strauss waltz she had gone in behind a gray and pink silken cur-

tain, in his self-imposed banishment and fight with pride that he conquered, he did not know had been changed for another.

It had seemed to Winifred then that her anguish had culminated; she had really thought she had reached the limit of human suffering. She had reached that latter, on her knees, in her own private room, with her eyes refusing to shed a tear, her lips refusing to utter a sigh between the kisses she lavished on the hand-writing of the man she loved. She had thought it as great an agony—yes, a thousand times greater than closing a coffin-lid over a loved face, to perform the simple act by which she answered that wild, passionate, hopeful cry of his heart to her—the commonplace act of inclosing a set of her wedding-cards in an envelope, with not a line, a word, a scratch of a pen to bear them company on their mute, merciless mission to the waiting lover in a foreign land.

She had thought it hard—but, to-night—at Mrs. Crittendon's, with the music waiving in its sad, minor strains, the scent of tuberose and carnations on the warm air, the witchery of the brilliant scene and gay lights—to-night, with all these accessories, to know that she, Winifred Champion, was waiting in the shade of the pink and silver-gray curtains—waiting with icy hands and feverish temples for the first word in so long from—Errol St. George—ah! this was keener suffering than all—for all the wild thrills of ecstasy that fairly vibrated through her.

She had seen him, a half-hour ago, in the crowd, tall, handsome, haughty-headed as ever; she had no more expected to see him than she had expected to see an angel or a demon, and while the sight of him had startled her so that every drop of blood in her body seemed to rush to her heart and curdle there; still, she had somehow managed to bow, and extend her hand.

She had not spoken, nor had he as he bent his head lowly over her icy hand; but he had looked her straight in the eyes, and then, glanced toward the conservatory with a meaning she interpreted so readily—she who knew him so well.

Then she had had a terrible conflict with herself: should she go and meet him face to face—listen to his words, take his hand, look in his eyes; or, should she stay where she was, and add one other pang of more than mortal anguish to the pain of self-denying endurance that was killing her—killing her by degrees? And then, while the band was playing the